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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Mesopotamia: including a Journey from Aleppo to Diarbekr, and from thence to Mardin, Mosul, and Bagdad; with Remarks on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of "Travels in Palestine and the Countries East of the Jordan," &c. 4to. pp. 571. London, 1827. Colburn.

In two preceding volumes, Mr. Buckingham, to whose lot it has fallen to see a great deal of the world, has given an account of his travels in Palestine and among the Arab tribes: in the quarto now before us, he relates the incidents and observations which occurred to him in Mesopotamia (the country between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris), whither he proceeded from Aleppo. This journey was performed without the companionship of any European comrade, and in the native dress; always attended by great fatigue, and sometimes with privations and dangers. From Aleppo to Beer (or Bir), and thence to Orfah, the Ur of the Chaldeans and Edessa of the Greeks, the way lay through Turcoman tribes; and from Orfah to El Mozar, Wahbees and Arabs beset the path of the small caravan with which our author travelled. Among a numerous tribe of the latter, and estimated to number fifty thousand horsemen, a striking adventure befell the party; and as we cannot in one paper do more for the illustration of the work than quote it at length, we shall, to attain that object, pass over the anterior descriptions of the natives among whom they sojourned, and of their mode of life. Beyond El Mozar, Mr. B. states—

"We saw here many thin columns of smoke arising from Bedouin tents scattered over this plain, as it was the hour for kindling morning fires, and not a breath of wind was yet stirring. We were pleased, rather than alarmed, by these appearances, because they were known to proceed from the Arabs of the country, as they are called, who satisfy themselves with a fixed tribute from all caravans passing through their districts, and do not pillage passengers, unless the payment of this is resisted by them. Their peacefully abiding in their tents induced us to hope that the wandering hordes of the Anazies, who transport themselves with such rapidity from place to place, had not reached thus far, and this hope gave new confidence to our steps. Soon afterwards, two horsemen were seen coming towards us across the plain: and the headmost of our caravan, consisting of its leader, Seid-Hassan, the Hadjee Abd-el-

Rakhman, and myself, being all well mounted, galloped off to meet them, in order to ascertain as speedily as possible from whence, and under what sheikh or chief, they were. We found them to be Arabs of the Beni-Mellan, under Abu-Aicobe-Ibin-Temar Pasha, who were on the look-out on behalf of their tribe, with orders to let no caravans pass without payment of the regular demand of tribute. These men were mounted on fine mares, though very wretchedly caparisoned; and their dress was rather like that of the Fellahs or cultivators of the country, than like the Bedouins I had been accustomed to see. They wore the large overhanging turbocah, and white muslin turbans, with a serge cloak, resembling in colour, form, and substance, the white Muggrehin burnocah used in the west of Africa, except that this had large sleeves, and, instead of being woven like the former without seam, it was joined in the middle, like the Syrian Arab cloak, by a red cord, going horizontally across the back. Their arms were, a sword, a brace of pistols, and a long light lance, of twelve or thirteen feet in length. Both of these men were shaven, wearing only mustachios, and one of them had light blue eyes, a fair complexion, with yellow hair and eye-brows; but neither of them had a single feature at all resembling those I had been accustomed to see in the pure Arab race, from the southern extremity of the Yemen, to this the most northern limit of Arabia. It is impossible to convey an idea of the respect which was paid to these two individuals by the leader of our caravan, Seid-Hassan, as well as by the hadjee, who was the chief owner of the property it conveyed; and it was from my being really unprepared to do them the homage thus spontaneously offered by my companions, that I was discovered to be a stranger, and soon made to pay dearly for such an omission. At their giving the word, a halt was made, till they could ride round the caravan to survey it; when, one of them remaining behind to prevent escapes, and the other preceding us, we were conducted, like a flock of sheep by a shepherd and his dog, to one of the stations of their encampment, called El Mazar. It was near noon before we reached this place, as it lay about two hours north of the road from which we had turned off, and was just midway between the common routes to Diarbekr and Mardin, being therefore a good central station from which to guard the passage to both. There were other local advantages which rendered it eligible to these tribute-gatherers, and occasioned it to be a frequently occupied and often-contested spot. The first of these advantages was a spring of good water, forming a running stream, and fertilizing a fine pasture-ground on each side of it. The next was a high and steep hill, which, if artificial, as, from its abruptness of ascent and regularity of form, it appeared to be, must have been a work of great labour, and served the double purpose of an elevated post of observation, from which the view could be extended widely on all sides

round, and a place of security for the flock, at night, it being quite inaccessible to mounted horsemen. The last peculiarity, which recommended this place as a station for a tribute exacting tribe, was, that the passage to one particular part, at the foot of the hill, was so exceedingly difficult, either for horses or foot-passengers, even in the day-time, that it could not be gained but very slowly, step by step, and under constant exposure and disadvantage. This last spot had been chosen for the tents of the Arabs themselves, where they were as secure as in the most regularly fortified garrison; and we were ordered to encamp in the pasture-ground below, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from them. The first tent was scarcely raised, before we were visited by three of the chief's dependants, mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the best manner of Turkish military officers, with their cloth garments highly embroidered, and their swords, pistols, and khandjars, such as pashas themselves might be proud to wear. Every one arose at their entry, and the carpets and cushions of the hadjee, which had been laid out with more care than usual, were offered to the chief visitor, while the rest seated themselves beside him. All those of the caravan who were present, not excepting the hadjee himself, assumed the humiliating position of kneeling and sitting backward on their heels, which is done only to great and acknowledged superiors. This is one of the most painful of the Mohammedan attitudes, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired, as it is performed by first kneeling on both knees, then turning the soles of the feet upward, and lastly, sitting back on these in such a manner, as that they receive the whole weight of the body, while the knees still remain pressed to the ground. I at first assumed this attitude with the rest, but an incapacity to continue it for any great length of time obliged me to rise and go out of the tent, on pretence of drinking; which simple incident, though I returned in a very few minutes afterwards to resume my seat, from its being thought a disrespectful liberty to rise at all in the presence of so great a man, without a general movement of the whole party, gave rise to very earnest inquiries regarding a person of manners so untutored. The answers to these inquiries were highly contradictory. Some asserted that I was an Egyptian of Georgian parents, and of the race of the Mamlouks of Cairo, from their knowing me to be really from Egypt, and from my speaking the Arabic with the accent of that country, where I had first acquired it, while they attributed my fairer complexion than that of the natives to the same cause. Others said that I was a doctor, from Damascus, and suggested that I had probably been in the service of the pasha there, as I had given some medicines to a little slave-boy of my protector, by which he had recovered from an attack of fever; coupled with which, they had heard me talk much of Damascus as a beautiful and delightful city, and therefore concluded this to be the attachment of a native.

"Our situation (says the author, after some weeks' experience), was in itself sufficiently painful to all; but its effect was heightened to me by the solitary situation in which I found myself here, without friend or companion, without an interpreter; hearing every hour four or five strange languages, one of which only (the Arabic) I understood, and lying in every individual about me a rude and unpolished of the most repulsive kind, however justified it might have been by the necessary dependence of every man on his own exertions."

Some again insisted that I was a Muggrebin, or Arab of Morocco, acquainted with all sorts of magical charms and arts, and added, that I was certainly going to India to explore hidden treasures, to open mines of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; to fathom seas of pearls, and hew down forests of aloes-wood and cinnamon, since I was the most inquisitive being they had ever met with, and had been several times observed to write much in a small book, and in an unknown tongue; so that, as it was even avowed by myself that I was going to India, and had neither merchandise nor baggage with me of any kind, it could be for no other purposes than these that I could have undertaken so long a journey. Lastly, some gave out that I was a man of whom nobody knew the real religion; for, although I was protected under the tent of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhaman, and treated as an equal with himself, I was certainly not a Moslem of the true kind; because, at the hours of prayer, I had always been observed to retire to some other spot, as if to perform my devotions in secret, and never had yet prayed publicly with my companions. A Christian they were sure I was not, because I ate meat, and milk, and butter, on Wednesdays and Fridays, as well as on other days; and a Jew I could not be, because I wore no side locks, and trimmed the upper edge of my beard after the manner of the Turks, which the Israelites or Yehoudis are forbidden to do. As I had been seen, however, at every place of our halt, to retire to a secluded spot and wash my whole body with water, to change my inner garments frequently, to have an aversion to vermin which was quite unnatural, and a feeling of disgust towards certain kinds of them amounting to something like horror, as well as carefully to avoid being touched or lain upon by dirty people, and at night to sleep always aloof from and on the outskirts of the caravan,—they concluded, that I was a priest of some of those idolatrous nations of whom they had heard there were many in India, the country to which I was going, and who, they had also understood, had many of these singular aversions so constantly exhibited by myself. All this being openly declared by one mouth or another, from individuals of the caravan, who had crowded around our tent, and in the hearing of the hadjee himself, he found it necessary to clear me from all these imputations, by declaring me at once to be an Englishman, whom he had taken under his protection. These Arabs had never heard of such a people, but when it was said a Franjee (or a Frank), 'Oh!' said one of them, 'they are the people who come from Ajam, and I know how to prove or try them.' A cup of water was then at this man's request brought to me, and I was requested to drink out of it, being first told that the cup belonged to a Jew of the caravan. I drank, as requested, and then the man declared, with a loud voice, that I was an impostor, since the Franjee were all Ajami, and the Ajami would rather die than drink out of the cup of a Yehoudi, or Jew. I know not how so strange an assemblage of ideas had been formed in this man's brain, but it was such as to produce on the minds of all who heard him the firmest conviction of my having deceived even my companions. I was then questioned about the country of the English and that of India, and my answers to these questions only made the matter still worse. As they believe the world to be a perfect plain, surrounded by a great sea, so as to be like a square mass floating in water, the Mahomedans generally inquire how the countries lie in succession, one within another,

In the different quarters, taking their own for nearly the centre of all. My replies to such questions were directed by truth, for the sake of avoiding self-contradiction, to which I should have been very liable if I had been cross-examined, and had endeavoured to shape my answers to their absurd theory. I admitted, however, in conformity to their own notions, that the eastern world ended at the Great Sea beyond China, the western world in the Pacific Ocean, the southern in the Sea of Yemen, and the northern in the Frozen Ocean. The details of dog-headed nations, of women growing on trees and falling off when ripe for marriage, of men forty yards high, and other equally absurd matters of Eastern fable and belief, were then all inquired about, and my answers to these being less satisfactory than even those to preceding questions, the opinion of my being an impostor was confirmed, more particularly as some one had mischievously mentioned my having been already detained at Beer, as a chief of Janissaries, who had committed some crime, and was therefore flying from Aleppo. While all this was going on beneath the tent, a scene of a different description was passing without. The two horsemen whom we had first met were employed in arranging all the goods and baggage, according to their respective owners, in separating the Christians from the Moslems, and in making the necessary preparations for the levy of their tribute from the caravan. A paper was then brought, containing a written statement, drawn up by one of our party, at the command of the surveyors, and by him read to the chief; for neither himself, nor any of his attendants, appeared to be able to read or write. While all the rest humbly knelt around him, this chief stretched himself, with an affectation of contempt, along the carpet on the ground, and threw his legs occasionally in the air. It was neither the attitude of weariness, or the rude carelessness of unpolished life; but a barbarian or savage notion of dignity, which consisted only in shewing to those around him how much he despised them. It was just at this moment that the Hadjee contrived to lay before this chief, with his own hands, and with an attitude of the greatest humility, a box of presents, containing a rich Cashmeer shawl, some female ornaments, an amber mouth-piece for a Turkish pipe, and other articles, amounting in value to at least fifteen hundred piastres, or fifty pounds sterling. These the brutal despot turned over, with a look of as much indifference as he had assumed from the beginning, and neither deigned to praise them, nor to seem even pleased with the gift. The list of our goods being then read to him, a certain sum was commanded to be affixed to each name, and, to judge from his manner of naming it, the amount of this was entirely arbitrary. The owners of the merchandise were then ordered to pay twenty piastres for each camel-load, fifteen for each horse or mule, and ten for every ass. The leader of the caravan was to pay a thousand piastres, to be levied by him in any way he thought proper on the persons composing it; the merchants were to give a thousand Spanish dollars for the members of their class; the Mokhodesey, or pilgrims from Jerusalem, were to raise fifteen hundred piastres among themselves, which was a still harder condition than the preceding; and I was condemned to pay one thousand piastres, instead of five thousand, which it was contended would have been demanded of me if I had not been under the protection of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhaman, who had smoothed his way by his presents to the chief. The sums named

for the merchandise were instantly agreed to be paid; but the other assessments were not so easily to be obtained; as their amount was not only exorbitant, but the persons named were really unable to raise it. The leader of the caravan reduced his tribute to five hundred piastres, of which he paid the half himself, and raised the other half by subscription. The merchants compromised for two thousand, which was furnished by about ten of the principal ones; and the pilgrims could not raise altogether five hundred piastres, though they formed, in number, nearly two-thirds of the caravan. The two men who exercised the duty of collectors, and who, being on the look-out on that day, were perhaps interested by a specific share of the prize-money, behaved with the greatest insolence and cruelty. They ransacked the private baggage of such as they suspected to have any thing worth taking, and selected from amongst it whatever they pleased. When they came to mine, I trembled for the result, as, though consisting only of a pair of small khoordj or saddle-bags, and a portmanteau, these contained all that was necessary, not merely for my journey, but for the success of my views in the East. In them were the money with which Mr. Barker had furnished me for my journey, a gold watch, all my Indian letters and papers, which if seen would have made them think me a greater man than they had yet imagined me to be, and induced them to augment their demand; a thermometer, compass, and other instruments, all now crowded, by the advice of the Hadjee, into this small space, to escape observation, from the fear that if seen they would occasion my being taken for a magician, and this idea would be confirmed by their finding among the rest of the things some few medicines, and broken specimens of mineralogy, of which no one would have known or even imagined the use. I made all the efforts in my power to prevent the portmanteau from being opened, but, whenever I advanced to interfere, I was driven back by blows and insults, until, seeing them proceed to loosen the straps, I entreated the Hadjee to intercede for me, saying, that it had cost me much trouble to get the things there into a small space, and begging that they might not be ransacked. The motive was suspected, and occasion was taken of it to say, that if I chose to pay the thousand piastres demanded of me, nothing should be disturbed. I had before declared that I had no more money with me than the few piastres shewn to them in my purse, and said that, as I was poor, I hoped to get along by the help of the faithful, and by such sum as should be produced by the sale of my horse at the journey's end. All the money that I had, indeed, except these few piastres, which were necessary for the current wants of the road, was really within the khoordj, the greater amount being in a bill on a merchant of Bagdad, and the remainder in gold coin, carefully secured, and I could not pay it, if disposed to do so, without opening this package. I was allowed a moment to consult with the Hadjee, to whom I stated my wish rather to accede to these terms, hard as they were, than to have my baggage opened, which might, perhaps, lead to still worse consequences, as in it money would be found, which would betray my having deceived them, and other articles of still greater value, which would be, perhaps, taken from me altogether. He then, after fruitless efforts to reduce it lower, agreed to pay the sum required, on condition that my effects should not be disturbed; and it was of course understood, that I was to

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return this sum to him either on the road, or on our arrival at Mardin. The poor pilgrims were treated even worse than I had been; for they had not only their effects taken from them, to make up for a pretended deficiency of tribute, but many of them were severely beaten into the bargain. This duty of exacting and paying the tributes occupied all parties very busily until after El Assr, the hour of afternoon prayers. The chief of this robber-tribe had already washed and prayed, however, with all due formality, beneath the tent, during the time of the pillage; for prayer, among a very large portion of Mohammedans, is not so much performed as a duty of religion, as it is to imply manhood and consequence. What we mean in Europe by devotion, namely, a pouring out of the soul before an invisible Being, as much loved as feared, and a feeling of gratitude for his blessings, is certainly very rare among them, though there is no people in whose mouths the name of God, or the expression of thanks to him, is more frequent. As soon as all these revolting proceedings were ended, we were commanded, rather than invited, to go up to the camp to supper. I would willingly have staid behind; but though I pretended incapacity from indisposition, I was not suffered to remain. I had seen the people of the tribe take a khandjar or dagger from one, and a brace of pistols from another; and although I had escaped having my musket taken from me, as that was a weapon not in general use among them, yet I was apprehensive for the fate of my sword, which was a very excellent old Damascus blade, and cost upwards of a thousand piastres in Egypt. As it was too large to have it packed away in any of the parcels of our baggage, I had contrived, by lifting it up between my shoulders, to conceal it behind my back, beneath my abba or cloak; but it was difficult either to mount, to dismount, or to change positions in any way, without risking its being seen. I went up to the encampment, however, on foot, while most of the rest went on horseback; taking my sword with me in the position described, as I had no opportunity of leaving it behind, without the certainty of its being discovered and taken from me by those of the hostile tribe who were guarding our tents. When we arrived at the camp, we found about a hundred and eighty tents, all of black hair cloth, and of a form neither purely Arab nor Turcoman, but combining the peculiarities of each. They were generally raised on several small poles; some consisted only of one apartment, others of two, and the partitions and outer enclosures were invariably of reeded matting. The tent of the chief was very large, and its roof was supported by at least forty poles: it was of an oblong form, divided into two squares; one of these, being enclosed from the outer side, was appropriated to the females; the other was open on the two fronts, and closed at the centre for the harem. We found in this tent two persons superior even to the chief who had visited us below. These were seated on fine divans, lolling on rich cushions; and one of them, a corpulent man, with a long white beard, was dressed in silk cloths and furs, with a high cap, of a kind between that of a Delhi and a Tatar. We knelt humbly around on the earth, and were barked at by large dogs, stared at by dirty and ill-dressed children, and eyed by the women from the openings in the partitions of the tent; the whole presenting a greater mixture of the rudeness of Arab manners with the luxurious indulgence of the Turkish, than I had ever before seen. Supper was served almost instantly

after the first cup of coffee had been taken. This consisted of a whole sheep, two lambs, and two kids; the former set before us with its limbs unsevered, the four latter in separate dishes of a large size, cut into pieces, and boiled with wheat in the husk. We had warm bread, and an abundance of lebben or sour milk, for which last only spoons were used, the boiled wheat being eaten by handfuls. The whole was despatched with the haste of beasts devouring their prey, and fearing to lose it by delay: and as every one, after washing his hands and mouth, poured out the water on the ground before him, without using a towel or a basin, the whole space within the tent was speedily inundated. The earth at length, however, absorbed it; but so rudely was every thing done amidst this abundance, and even luxury, that hands and faces were wiped on the sleeves of shirts, or skirts of cloaks, or else left to dry in the air. Coffee was again served, and as the sun was declining, we prepared to return. We were detained, however, by an affray that was likely to have proved fatal to many, and did indeed end in the wounding a considerable number, on each side, of the combatants. During the supposed moment of security, while we sat beneath the tent of the chief, we observed a party of Turcoman horse, belonging, it was afterwards said, to another tribe, passing through the camp, leading with them several camels and their lading, taken from our caravan. Immediately, the whole camp became a scene of warfare. Our legitimate pillagers, roused with indignation at the interference of other intruders on their sacred ground, rushed to horse and to arms. All the members of the caravan who had come up here by command, some mounted, and some on foot, rushed out to join them. A battle ensued: the horsemen, with their spears and swords, the men on foot with their muskets, pistols, and daggers, were previously engaged, hand to hand. Many were run through and through, with the long lances of the cavaliers, and afterwards trampled under their horses' hoofs; several others were wounded with sabre cuts, and still more had severe contusions and bruises. All were hotly engaged, at close quarters, for half an hour at least, and it fell to my lot to come into grappling contact with three individuals in succession, neither of whom escaped unhurt from the struggle. It ended, however, in victory declaring on our side, in the recovery of the plundered property, and the chasing the intruders from the camp.

We shall with pleasure recur as we can to Mr. B.'s volume.

The Wolfe of Badenoch: an Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century. By the Author of "Loebandu." 12mo. 3 vols. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall. London, 1827.

THERE is considerable historical merit in these volumes; the author has evidently given his attention to, and made himself well master of, the times and manners which his story depicts, and these are well wrought into an interesting plot. The following scene is a fair specimen of the whole. The Wolfe (alias the Earl) of Badenoch has set fire to Elgin.

"All eyes were now directed towards the spot he had indicated, and there, to the astonishment of every one, appeared the form of the Franciscan, brightly illumined by the jets of flame that surrounded it. 'Holy Virgin!' cried his followers, crossing them-

selves, 'tis a sprite—'tis a devil! Mercy on us! 'tis no monk, but something unholy,' cried half a dozen voices. The teeth of the stern Wolfe himself were heard to chatter as he gazed on his old enemy, of the reality of whose present appearance he almost doubted. The keen eyes and strongly expressive countenance of the friar were now wildly distorted by the alarm which had seized him, on suddenly awaking from the deep sleep he had been plunged in, and finding himself surrounded by all the horrors of the most dreadful of deaths. A red and unearthly light was thrown on his features, and broadly illumined his tansure, giving him a most terrific and ghastly look. It was therefore little to be wondered, that even the hardy-minded Wolfe of Badenoch should have for an instant believed that it was the Devil he beheld. 'By all the fiends of hell, 'tis wonderful!' cried he, as he stood fixed in a kind of stupor. 'Help, help!' cried the Franciscan. 'Ha!' cried the Wolfe, recovering himself, 'if thou be'st in very deed the chough friar, bren, bren, and welcome. But, if thou be'st the Devil, thou may'st well enow help thyself.' 'Help! in mercy, help!' cried the Franciscan; 'a ladder, a ladder.' 'A ladder!' cried the Wolfe, now sufficiently reassured, and becoming convinced that it really was the very Franciscan in true flesh who had so bearded him at Lochyndorbe, and no phantom nor demon. 'Ha! prating chough, is it thee, in troth? A ladder, said'st thou? Thou could'st have lacked a ladder but for thy hanging, and now thou need'st at it not, seeing thou art in the way of dying a better death.' 'Help, help!' cried the unfortunate wretch, who seemed hardly to have yet gained a knowledge of those who were below. 'Help!' repeated the Wolfe; 'by my trusty burlybrand, but I shall hew down the first villain who doth but move to give thee help. What, did I say that no hair of life should be touched? By the blessed bones of mine ancestors, but there lacked only this accident to make my revenge complete. Ha, ha, ha! did I not swear, thou gray-headed crow, that as thou didst escape from the pit of water, thou should'st be tried next day by the fire?—By my head, I did little imagine that I should thus so soon see thee bren before mine eyes; and bren thou shalt, for no man of mine shall risk the singeing of his beard to pluck thee from the destruction thine atrocious tongue hath so well merited.' The monk disappeared for some moments, and soon afterwards, to the astonishment of all, was seen making his way along the roof, through volumes of flame and smoke. Every eye in the court below was turned towards him. It seemed impossible that any thing but a demon could have clambered where he went. Again he was lost to their eyes, and anon he appeared in the very room which had been lately occupied by the Lady Beatrice. He shrieked out her name; was again invisible; and then, again, was seen in all the upper apartments, one after another. At last they saw him no longer. 'He is either the Devil himself, or he is bent by this time,' whispered some of the awe-stricken followers of the Wolfe. In an instant, he again appeared on the top of the turret in which he had been first seen; the flames arose every where around him; terrible was his aspect, and an involuntary shudder crept through the silent crowd. 'Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan and Lord of Badenoch,' cried he, with an appalling voice, whilst he threw his arms abroad, in an attitude befitting the denunciation he was about to pour out—'the red hand of thine iniquity hath again lifted the

fire-brand of destruction, but as thou hast kindled these holy piles dedicated to God, so shall the wrath of the Almighty be kindled against thee. The measure of thine iniquity is now full, and yonder flaming heavens do bear witness to thy crimes. Seest thou yonder fiery cloud that doth now float over thy devoted head? There sitteth the Angel of Vengeance, ready to descend on thee and thine. Prepare—for instant and direful punishment doth await thee.' The monk again disappeared. The Wolfe of Badenoch looked upwards to the sky, and beheld the fiery cloud that hung, as it were, over him. Fancy depicted in it a countenance, that looked down upon him in terrible ire. He gnashed his teeth, and his features blackened. At that moment, shrieks arose from the higher chambers of the building. 'Ha, ha, ha, ha!—let him die,' cried the Wolfe, clenching his fists, and laughing wildly; 'let the villain die, I say.' The shrieks came again, and louder. 'Ha! what voice was that?' exclaimed the Wolfe, in an altered tone, and in considerable agitation. 'Help, help!' cried a voice, and a figure appeared at an upper window, in the midst of the flames. 'Oh God!' cried the Wolfe, in an agony, 'my son, my son!—my dearest boy, Duncan!—Save him, save him—save my child!' With the fury of a maniac, he rushed fearlessly towards the burning building. His people sprang after him. He had already reached the doorway, when the central stair fell with a tremendous crash within; and had not his followers dragged him back the instant before, he must have been crushed beneath the descending ruin. 'Father, father!' cried a piteous voice from the ground. 'Walter,' cried the unhappy Wolfe of Badenoch, running to lift up his son, 'what hath befallen thee?'—'Speak.' 'I was knocked down and crushed by the men-at-arms as they rushed outwards,' said the youth faintly; 'I do feel as if I had tane some sore inward bruises.' 'Merciful God!' cried the miserable father, removing his son farther from the danger: 'but where is James?' demanded he, looking wildly about him. 'He also fell near me,' said Walter. The attendants now ran forward, and amongst several wounded people who lay on the pavement, they found and raised James Stewart, who was only known to be alive by his quick breathing. But the distracted father had little leisure to attend to either of these his wounded sons, and in an instant they were abandoned to the care of those about him; for the boy Duncan, his youngest and his darling child, the pride of his heart, was again heard to shriek from an upper window. The flames were rioting triumphantly within, and every possible approach to him was cut off. 'Ladders, ladders!' cried he, in a frenzy; and his people set off in hopeless search of what he called for. 'Ladders!' cried the Franciscan, with a voice like thunder, as he unexpectedly appeared behind the boy—'ladders! how dost thou dare to call for that help which thou didst refuse to yield to others? Now doth thy fiendish joy begin to be transmuted into mourning, thou accursed instrument in the hands of an incensed God. Already do two of thy lawless brood lie on that pavement, to be carried home with thee to linger and die; and now this child, thy youngest and dearest, shall be lost to thee by a more speedy fate.'—He caught up the boy in his sinewy arms with a savage laugh of triumph, and held him aloft with a gripe so powerful, that his puny efforts to escape were utterly hopeless. 'Ha, ha, ha! now may I laugh in my turn,' cried the Fran-

ciscan, with a yell that struck to the heart of the Wolfe of Badenoch, and subdued him at once. 'Mercy!' cried he, clasping his hands and wringing them together, and his breath came thick and laborious, so that he could hardly find utterance, as he looked up with stretched eye-balls, expecting every instant to behold the horrible spectacle of his best-beloved son's destruction. 'Mercy!—fiend!—ha!—Ladders, ladders!—Oh, mercy, mercy!—Oh, spare my boy!—Oh, mercy, mercy—mercy on my boy!' He sank down on his knees, his broad chest heaving to his very cuirass with its labouring respiration, and his lips moving even after all power of utterance was denied him. 'Ha! mercy, said'st thou?' cried the Franciscan, with a contemptuous smile and a glaring eye; 'what! mercy to thee—to thee, who hath no mercy!—mercy to thee, who hath incurred God's highest wrath!—mercy to thee, who hath wrapped all these holy buildings, and these dwellings of God's peaceful servants and people, in impious flames!—thou, who wert but now revelling in the hellish joy of thy daring sacrilege—mercy to thee!—mercy meanly begged, too, from him whom thou didst but this moment doom to the most cruel death! Ha, ha, ha! But my life or death is not in thy weak power to give or to withhold. My life will be preserved by Him who gave it, that it may yet fulfil the purpose for which he did bestow it. Thy fate doth hang in my grasp, and the gripe which I do now hold of this frail fragment of thyself,' continued he, lifting up the trembling boy in a terrific manner, 'is but a symbol of the power which God hath given me over thee to force thee to repentance.' 'Oh, spare, spare, spare!' cried the miserable Lord of Badenoch, bereft of all thought but of his son's fate. The boy screamed for help, but the ruthless Franciscan laughed savagely, and then sprang backwards with him through the flames. The wretched Lord of Badenoch remained fixed on his knees, his face still turned upwards, and his eyes fastened on the casement so lately occupied by the figures of the Franciscan and his lost boy. It was now filled by a sheet of brilliant flame. His lips muttered, and 'Mercy—oh, mercy!' were still the only words that escaped them. His followers crowded around him in dismay, the whole group being broadly illuminated by the fire, which had now gained complete mastery over the interior of the building.

This is sufficient evidence, that this writer, a Scottish Baronet, we believe, possesses both information and talents: still there is, we must say, room for improvement. To introduce fewer characters, and to make them have a more decided influence on the narrative, are points we recommend to his future notice.

Mémoires; ou, Souvenirs et Anecdotes, par M. le Comte de Segur. Tom. 3. 8vo. pp. 601. Paris, 1826. Alexis Eymery.

Memoirs and Recollections of the Count de Segur. Third Vol. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

HIGHLY entertaining as we found the two preceding volumes of this publication, the third volume, which has just appeared, is still more so. Nearly one half of it relates to the extraordinary journey of the Empress Catherine into the Crimea in 1787, in order to consolidate that most important annexation to the Russian empire,—a journey of immense political influence, and yet in its outward form rather resembling a triumphal procession and excursion of pleasure. Attended by the ambassadors

of Austria, France, and England; meeting on her way Stanislas, king of Poland, and the Emperor Joseph II.; reviewing great armies of various nations within a few hours' distance from Constantinople;—the attention of all Europe was fixed upon this remarkable enterprise of the northern Cleopatra; and while, even to our time, it presents many features of high historical interest, and many views still to be fully unfolded by events, the details of a more characteristic and amusing cast afford a fund of reading equally curious and agreeable. In short, the volume combines the pleasantness of anecdote with the variety of travel; and the realities of a wonderful epoch with much of the air and incidents of a gorgeous romance. After travelling 800 leagues in the manner which our following notice will illustrate, the Count de Segur (the French ambassador*) says—at Moscow

"The empress gave me and every one who had the honour to accompany her, a medal, which she had just had struck. On one side was the profile of Catherine, and on the other the map of her journey in the Crimea; the Russian inscription informed us that the epoch was the twenty-fifth year of her reign, and that the great journey to which she had consecrated it, had been undertaken for the public good."

"This long and singular journey, which had presented successively the image of an immense gallery, ornamented with the most varied and novel pictures, being at length terminated, I took leave of the empress, and returned to Petersburg to resume a diplomatic life, which at first appeared rather grave and monotonous; it was, in fact, leaving the rapid and varied action of romance, for the slow and sober step of history. Having quitted the magic circle, I was no longer to see, at each moment, as in our triumphant and romantic journey, new objects of surprise; fleets suddenly created, squadrons of Cossacks and Tartars coming from the remote parts of Asia, illuminated roads, mountains on fire, enchanted palaces, gardens raised in a night, savage caverns, temples of Diana, delightful harems, wandering tribes, dromedaries and camels wandering through deserts, hospodars of Walachia, and dethroned princes of Caucasus and persecuted Georgia, paying homage and addressing their prayers to the Queen of the North."

But "for uniformity's sake" it will be better for us to begin with the beginning, and carry our readers with us step by step (or steppe by steppe if they prefer the literal phrase), over the most striking parts, and along with the most curious particulars of this expedition.

"On the 18th of January, 1787," (says our author), "we commenced our journey: the empress took in her carriage Mademoiselle Protasoff and the Count Momonoff, who never quitted her, the Count Cobenzel,† the Grand Equerry Narischkin, and the Grand Chamberlain Schouvaloff. In the second carriage were Fitz-Herbert‡ and I, with the Counts Tcherni-

* Of his father, who was war-minister to Louis XVI. we recollect having heard or read the following very piquant anecdote:—Madame de Fleury solicited from him the command of a regiment for her brother, M. de Montmorency, and not obtaining it, she wrote upon the occasion to M. de Segur—"My brother does not, then, become a colonel, sir? If the Segurs had existed two centuries ago, they would have known that it was then more easy for the Montmorencies to be high constables of France, than it is now to obtain a regiment." M. de Segur replied:—"Madam, I have read my History of France, and have there found that the Montmorencies have at all times been placed as they ought to be."

† The Austrian ambassador; at other times the same ambassador rode with the empress. ‡ The English ambassador, between whom and de Segur the utmost cordiality existed.

chef and d'Anhalt. The cavalcade was composed of fourteen carriages and one hundred and eighty-four sledges, with forty others to be used in case of necessity. Five hundred and sixty horses were ready for us at each post. The cold rose to seventeen degrees; the road was excellent, and our carriages, mounted on a sort of lofty skates, were drawn along with such rapidity that they seemed to fly through the air. To protect us from the cold, we were wrapped up in furs of bear-skin, which we wore over pelisses finer and more valuable; we had on our heads caps of sable. With these precautions we did not feel the cold, even when it rose to twenty or twenty-five degrees. In the houses where we lodged, the stoves gave us reason to fear an excess of heat rather than of cold. At this time of the year, when the days were shortest, the sun did not give us light until very late, and, at the end of six or seven hours, he disappeared, and the darkest night succeeded. But, in the midst of this darkness, we were not left in want of light: at short distances from each other, and on both sides of the road, enormous piles of fir, cypress, birch, and pine, had been raised, which were set on fire; so that we passed through a range of fires more brilliant than the rays of daylight: it was thus that the proud Empress of the North, in the midst of the deepest night, willed and commanded that there should be light." * *

"On the second day of our journey," (continues the lively narrator), "I was placed with Mr. Fitz-Herbert in the carriage of the empress. The conversation was lively, gay, and varied, and did not flag for a moment. Her majesty told us, that on learning that she was blamed for having permitted a captain of a ship to marry a negro woman, she replied, 'You see that it is the effect of my ambitious views with regard to the Turks; I have caused a celebration of the marriage of the Russian marine with the Black Sea.' She delighted in often speaking of the barbarism, the effeminacy, and the ignorance of the Mussulmans, and of the stupid life of their sultans, whose horizon did not extend beyond the walls of their harem. 'These imbecile despots,' said she, 'weakened by the pleasures of the seraglio, ruled over by their ulemas, and captives of their janissaries, can neither think, speak, fight, nor administer public affairs; their infancy is perpetual.' * *

"Besides political subjects, all the topics which serve to give life to conversation, were successively touched upon and talked of by the empress naturally, sensibly, and cheerfully, so that the day appeared very short; and without having observed the progress we were making, we arrived at Porkhoff, a remarkable town, where Prince Repnin, governor of the province, did the honours of our reception with abundant pompousness and vanity. This prince, who had acquired some reputation in the war, had made himself hated in Poland by a haughtiness equally insulting to the Poles and to their king. One anecdote will sufficiently shew his insolence.—One day, at Warsaw, King Stanislas was present at a theatrical performance; the first act was over when the Russian minister arrived at his box. Offended, because he had not been waited for, he caused the curtain to drop, and the piece to be begun again. In consequence of such insults, a profound hatred against Russia had become rooted in the minds of the Poles. A proud people may bear to be conquered, but never to be taunted with their humiliation. Force may vanquish, but mildness, justice, and generosity, can alone produce complete submission. The Russians were so accustomed to this insulting and humiliating

deportment in Poland, that M. de Stackelberg, who was, however, much more affable and less haughty than Prince Repnin, lived more in the style of a king than in that of an ambassador. It was related to me, that the Baron de Thugut, travelling in Poland, and wishing to pay his respects to King Stanislas, saw, when he entered the audience chamber, a man richly dressed surrounded by the personages of the court. He advanced towards him making the three usual bows. His mistake having been immediately remarked, the king was pointed out to him conversing familiarly in the corner of the room with two or three persons. M. de Thugut, rather piqued at the repeated pleasantries which his mistake gave rise to, took his revenge whimsically enough. Being admitted in the evening to play at cards with the monarch and the ambassador, he pretended to make a mistake, and twice threw down a knave instead of a king. His partner complaining of this: 'I beg your pardon,' exclaimed he, 'I don't know what has come to me to-day; this is the third time that I have mistaken a knave for a king.'"

"I think it will not be altogether useless to mention here a fact, in itself of no great moment, but which may contribute to give a just view of the character of Catherine. One day, as I was sitting opposite to her in her carriage, she expressed a desire that I would repeat to her some light pieces of poetry which I had composed. The delightful familiarity which she permitted to those who travelled with her, the presence of her young favourite, the remembrance of those who had preceded him in her favour, her philosophy, her gaiety, her correspondence with the Prince de Ligne, Voltaire, and Diderot, having led me to suppose that she would not be shocked at a tale of gallantry, I recited one to her which was in truth a little free and gay, but still sufficiently choice in its expressions to have been well received at Paris by the Duc de Nivernais, by the Prince de Beauveau, and by ladies whose virtue equalled their good humour. To my great surprise, I saw the laughing traveller suddenly assume the deportment of a majestic sovereign. She interrupted me by a question altogether foreign to the purpose, and changed the subject of conversation. Some minutes afterwards, in order to shew her that I understood her lesson, I treated her attention to a piece of verse of a very different kind from the former, and to which she lent the most obliging attention: as if desirous that her weaknesses should be respected, she took care to cover them with a veil of decency and dignity. This anecdote reminds me of what my brother said, with so much justness and originality, when speaking of the indulgence permitted by women thoroughly virtuous, and the apparent severity of those who are not quite so perfect. 'Where virtue reigns,' said he, 'the shew of nice decorum is useless.'"

The imperial lesson and the French comment upon it are alike nationally characteristic. Nice decorum, nevertheless, is no bad thing either before sovereigns or lesser people. But we proceed with our gay companion; who tells—

"We amused ourselves sometimes, in the evening, by playing *au secrétaire*, by making enigmas, charades, and *bouts-rimés*. One day Mr. Fitz-Herbert proposed these to me: *amour, frotte, tambour, note*. I filled them up thus:

"De vingt peuples nombreux Catherine est l'amour :
Craignes de l'attaquer; malheur à qui s'y frotte !
La renommée est son tambour,
Et l'histoire son garde-note."

This trifle met with great success, and perhaps

received more praise than a fine ode would have attracted; at court and on a journey this is not extraordinary."

The empress, we are informed, resembled Voltaire.—"The most trifling attack wounded her vanity: as she had good sense, she affected to laugh; but it was easy to discover that her mirth was not perfectly unaffected."

"The work of the Abbé Chappe, which she believed to have been composed by the direction of the Duc de Choiseul, still weighed upon her mind, and her self-love was incessantly tormented by the bitterness of Frederick the Second, who delighted in speaking with cutting irony of the finances of Catherine, of her government, of the undisciplined state of her troops, of the slavery of her people, and of the want of solidity in her power. This princess, therefore, in making allusions to these satirical attacks, very often spoke to us of her vast empire by the designation only of *her little household*: 'What,' she would ask, 'do you think of my little household? Is it not, in truth, becoming furnished and enriched by degrees? I have not much money, but it appears to me that what I have is well employed.' At other times, addressing herself to me: 'I'll bet a wager, Monsieur le Comte, that at this moment your fine ladies, your fashionables, and your literati at Paris, pity you greatly for having to travel in this country of bears, amidst barbarians, and with a tiresome czarina. I respect your learned men, but I love the uncultivated better; for my own part, I only wish to know what is necessary for the management of my little household.' 'Your majesty amuses yourself at our expense,' I replied: 'you well know that no person in France thinks of you in that manner. Voltaire is a sufficiently brilliant and clear interpreter to your majesty of our opinions and of our sentiments. You should rather be sometimes discontented with the species of fear and jealousy which the prodigious increase of your little household gives to the greatest powers.' 'Yes,' said she, sometimes laughing, 'you are not willing that I should drive from my neighbourhood your children the Turks: you have in them, truly, delicate scholars; they are disciples who do you honour. If you had similar neighbours in Piedmont or in Spain, who brought you annually plague and famine, and killed or destroyed every year twenty thousand people, would you find it agreeable that I should take them under my protection? I believe that then you would indeed treat me as a barbarian.' I had sufficient difficulty in replying upon this point, and extricated myself in the best way I could by common-places about the maintenance of peace and the conservation of the equilibrium of Europe."

We pass over some curious matters relating to Voltaire, Diderot, &c. for what is more strictly Russ. At Kiöff—

"When we had examined this ancient capital and its environs, the empress wished to know, what impression their appearance had produced upon M. de Cobentzel, upon M. Fitz-Herbert, and upon myself; and she used afterwards frequently to say, laughingly, that the difference of our answers would give a tolerably just idea of the genius of the three nations, as whose representatives we appeared. 'What do you think of the city of Kiöff?' said she to the Count de Cobentzel. 'Madam,' replied the count, in a tone of enthusiasm, 'it is the most beautiful, the most imposing, and the most magnificent city, that I ever beheld.' Mr. Fitz-Herbert answered to the same question: 'It is a dull place, where there is

nothing to be seen but ruins and shabby houses.' Interrogated in my turn, I replied: 'Madam, Kioff presents the remembrance and the hope of a great city.' (Of course, the writer's own reply was by far the best turned and appropriate.) Of the famous Souwaroff there is a very interesting notice—

"By his overwhelming courage, by his ability, by the confidence with which he inspired the soldiers, he had found the way, even in an absolute monarchy where every thing was given by favour, to advance himself rapidly, although he was without fortune, without interest, and sprung from a family which was not respected. He had carried every step of his promotion at the point of the sword. Whenever there was a danger to be combated, a difficult order to be executed, or a desperate undertaking to be attempted, the name of Souwaroff was the first which presented itself to his commanders. But, as from his earliest steps in his glorious career, he saw himself the object of the restless jealousy of many courtiers and favourites, who might be sufficiently powerful to oppose his advancement, he formed the strange design of concealing his transcendent merit under fantastic forms of folly. Nothing could be more luminous than his plans, more profound than his conceptions, more rapid than his execution; but, in ordinary life and in public, his countenance, his gestures, his words, were stamped with a species of originality, it may even be said of extravagance, which quieted the fears of the ambitious. They regarded him as a useful instrument for action and for labour, but as incapable of injuring them, and of disputing with them the enjoyment of honours, reputation, and power. By a singular coincidence, this hero of despotism, in order to raise himself to glory, borrowed a mask similar to that by which the hero of liberty, Brutus, was protected under the reign of Tarquin. Souwaroff, respectful to his commanders and affable to his soldiers, shewed himself with his equals unpolite, haughty, and without manners. He astonished those who were not acquainted with him, by the multiplicity, the rapidity, and the conciseness of the questions which he addressed to them, and as if he had a right to make them go through a species of interrogatory. This was his manner of learning the character of a man in an instant; he thought unfavourably of those whom he embarrassed, and conceived a sudden esteem for those who answered him clearly and without hesitation. I received a proof of this at Petersburg; my laconic replies pleased him, and during his short stay there he dined with me frequently. I remember I asked him once, whether it was true that, when he was in the army he seldom slept, subduing nature, even without necessity, lying always upon straw, and never drawing off his boots nor quitting his arms: 'Yes,' he said, 'I hate idleness; and from my fear of sleeping, I have always a cock in my tent, which is very punctual in frequently awaking me; when I wish now and then to enjoy luxury and repose comfortably, I take off one of my spurs.' When he was made Marshal of the Empire, he himself arranged his reception in the presence of the soldiers after a most whimsical manner. Having placed in a church, on both sides of the nave and in lines, as many chairs as there were general officers senior to himself, he entered the building in a waistcoat, and leaped clean over each chair, in a style similar to the jumping of school-boys when they play at leap-frog; and after having thus neatly called to mind the way in which he had surpassed his rivals, he invested himself in the

Marshal's grand uniform, covered himself with the numerous decorations which had been heaped upon him, and afterwards gravely invited the priests to terminate the ceremony by a *Te Deum*. It is said, that when the Emperor of Austria sent him the most honourable of his orders, he received the messenger in person, and decorated himself publicly before a large looking-glass, with the most extraordinary ceremonies. When compelled by the errors of Korsakoff to fall back in Switzerland before General Masséna, he had a ditch dug, and placing himself in it, cried out to his soldiers that they ought to trample him under foot and cover him with earth, if they wished to fly instead of facing the enemy. Souwaroff had not arrived at the summit of military honours, at the period when I was in Russia. We could then see in him nothing but a brave soldier, a general officer, daring when with the army, but very eccentric when at court. The first time of his meeting with M. de Lameth, the defect of whose character was never that of being too pliant, the conversation which passed between them appears to me to be original enough to be worth relating. 'To what country do you belong?' said the general abruptly. 'France.—What profession?' 'Military.—What rank?' 'Colonel.—Your name?' 'Alexander de Lameth.—Good.' M. de Lameth, a little annoyed at this short interrogation, called on the general in his turn, and looking at him steadfastly, said: 'To what country do you belong?' 'Russia.—What profession?' 'Military.—What rank?' 'General.—What name?' 'Souwaroff.—Good.' Both immediately fell a laughing, and thenceforward were very good friends."

The pleasant Prince de Ligne was among the party which attended the Court, and we have several examples of his endless good humour and vivacity. For example, M. de Segur relates—

"One day he hoaxed Count Cobentzel and myself in a curious manner. We had been subject for some time, as well as himself, to a slight fever, which came upon us by fits. He soon reproached us with our carelessness and our refusal to adopt any remedies; he exaggerated the change in our appearance, exhibited much concern, and finally assured us that he had determined to set us an example, to be careful and to take every means to cure himself, in order that he might be able to prosecute the journey. Yielding to his importunities, Cobentzel, who suffered from a sore throat, was copiously bled, and I took one or two doses of physic. A few days afterwards we rejoined the empress, who said to the prince: 'You look very well to-day; I thought you were indisposed; has my physician been with you?' 'Oh! no, madam,' he replied, 'my complaints were not of long duration. I doctor myself in a peculiar way; as soon as I feel myself unwell, I call upon my two friends: I bleed Cobentzel and purge Segur, and I am cured.' The empress congratulated him upon his receipt, which, she said, she was tempted to try, and she did not fail to rally us without mercy upon our docility."

On another occasion, the empress said:—"This cabinet of St. Petersburg," said she, "which is now floating on the Dnieper, appears then to be very great, since it gives so much occupation to so many others." 'Yes, madam,' said the Prince de Ligne, 'and yet I know of no one that is smaller, for its whole dimensions are but a few inches; it extends from one temple to the other, and from the root of the nose to that of the hair.'"

Here, however, we must break off till another Saturday affords the opportunity for going further into this extremely entertaining book.

The Natchez: an Indian Tale. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand, Author of "Atala," &c. 3 vols. London, 1827. Colburn.

THESE volumes are a strange mixture of passion and poetry, absurdity and extravagance, and of real feeling mixed with the most affected sentimentality. Of all the winged corners of the mind, Imagination is the last one on whose neck to throw the reins and leave to its own wild course. Here is the material of a beautiful tale, but disfigured by the worst possible style. The author appears to have set out with some idea of an epic—the assembling of the French troops is perhaps as complete a burlesque of Homer as was ever unintentionally perpetrated—and as he proceeded, to have gradually resigned so impracticable a plan; but hence the mythological comparisons, the Venuses, and Graces, which figure as similes any thing but in character with an Indian tale. Two of the most striking episodes have long been familiar to us, René and Atala: the first, a well-drawn picture of those vague reveries which, dreaming of unreal excellence, whether in happiness or virtue, only unfits the visionary for the actual enjoyment of the one or actual practice of the other: the second was interesting, as the record of human sorrow and human passion will ever be, though somewhat over-coloured and exaggerated. We shall not attempt to analyse the story; but among the characters, we must praise cordially that of Outougamiz: that of Mila, while meaning to be natural, is extravagant: the likeness of simplicity is a most difficult one to catch. A rich vein of poetry runs through the whole; and we cannot do better than present our readers with a few specimens of the ore.

"The calm which we enjoy after a storm, is not like that which preceded the storm; the traveller who has not yet started, is not the traveller returned; the fuel which has not yet been kindled, is not the burnt-out fire.... Innocence and Reason are two trees planted at the extremities of life; at the foot of both, it is true, we alike find repose; but the tree of innocence is laden with perfumes, flower-buds, and young verdure: the tree of reason is but an old scathed oak, stripped of its foliage by the lightning and the winds of heaven.... Hope is like the Blue Mountains in the Floridas; from their lofty tops the hunter descends an enchanting country, and he forgets the precipices which separate him from it."

Reply of the young Indian maiden to her lover:—

"And wouldst thou then accompany me to the wilderness! Mila looked steadily at him, and said, 'Tis as if the river should say to the flower, which has been washed from the bank, and is carried away by the current, 'Flower, wilt thou go with my stream?'

"Man cherishes in his bosom a desire of happiness, which is neither destroyed nor fulfilled.... There is in our forests a plant of which the flower never opens, it is hope."

"There is a custom among these people of nature, a custom which subsisted of old among the Greeks; every warrior chooses himself a friend. The knot once tied is indissoluble. It is proof alike against adversity and prosperity. Each individual becomes double, and lives with two souls; if one of the friends dies, the other does not long survive. Thus these same forests

of America produce serpents with two heads, which are united at the middle, that is at the heart: if a traveller crushes one of the heads of the mysterious creature, the dead part remains attached to the living portion, and the emblem of friendship soon perishes. The brother of Celuta, being yet too young when he lost his father, had not made choice of a friend. He resolved to unite his destiny with that of the adopted son of Chactas; he therefore grasped his hand and said, 'I wish to be thy friend.' René repeated, in the language of his host, the word *friend*, without understanding the signification of that word. Full of joy, Outougamiz rose, took an arrow, and a collar of venus-shells, and made a sign for René and Celuta to follow him. Not far from the inhabited cabin stood a forsaken hut, in which Outougamiz was born; a stream washed its fallen roof and scattered fragments. The young Indian entered it with his visitor: Celuta, like a person summoned to give evidence before a judge, remained standing at some distance from the spot marked by her brother. Outougamiz having reached the middle of the ruins, assumed a solemn look. He made René take hold of one end of an arrow, while the other end rested on his own hand. Raising his voice, and calling heaven and earth to witness: 'Son of the stranger,' said he, 'I give my confidence to thee on my cradle, and I will die on thy grave. We will henceforth have but one mat by day, but one bear-skin by night. In battle I will be at thy side. If I survive thee, I will supply thy spirit with food, and after several suns passed in feasting or in warfare, thou wilt in thy turn prepare me a banquet in the land of souls. The friends of my country are beavers, which build in common. They frequently clash their tomahawks together; and when weary of life, they relieve themselves from the burden of it with their daggers. Take this necklace; twenty red beads mark the number of my snows; the seventeen white beads which follow them, indicate the snows of Celuta, the witness of our contract; nine purple beads tell that it is in the ninth moon, or the moon of hunters, that we have sworn mutual friendship; three black beads succeed the purple, to denote the number of nights that this moon has already shone. I have done.' Outougamiz ceased speaking, and tears trickled from his eyes. As the first rays of light descend upon land recently ploughed and moist with the dews of night, so the friendship of the young Natchez penetrated the soul of the affected René. From the earnestness of the brother of Celuta, from the frequent repetition of the word 'friend,' from the extraordinary selection of the spot, René concluded that this was some important and solemn transaction. 'O savage!' he replied, 'whatever it be that thou proposest to me, I swear to perform it, and I accept the presents which thou offerest.' So saying, the brother of Amelia clasped to his bosom the brother of Celuta. Never were heart more calm and heart more troubled so closely pressed to each other. After this compact, the two friends exchanged the Manitous of friendship. Outougamiz gave René the antler of an elk, which, being shed annually, springs forth each year with an additional branch, like friendship, which ought to increase as it grows older. René presented Outougamiz with a gold chain. The savage seized it with eager hand, talked to it in a low tone, for he animated it with his sentiments, and hung it round his neck, vowing never to part from it while he lived—an oath which was but too faithfully kept. As a tree consecrated in a

forest to some divinity, and the boughs of which are laden with sacred relics, but which is destined soon to fall by the axe of the woodman, such was the appearance of Outougamiz, wearing round his neck the offering of friendship. The two friends plunged their bare feet into the stream that ran by the cabin, to denote that thenceforward they were two pilgrims who had resolved to finish their journey together. From the spring which gave birth to the rill, Outougamiz fetched pure water, with which Celuta moistened her lips, by way of taking payment for witnessing the transaction, and to shew her participation in the friendship which had just been formed between the two new brothers. René, Outougamiz, and Celuta, then strolled into the forest. Outougamiz took René's arm, while Celuta followed them. Outougamiz frequently turned his head to look at her, and whenever the eyes of the maiden met his, he perceived tears smiling in them. Like three virtues inhabiting the same soul, did these three models of friendship, love, and nobleness, pass along. The brother and sister presently commenced the song of friendship in these words: 'We will attack with the same weapon the bear on the trunk of the pines; we will drive away with the same bough the insect of the savannahs; our secret words shall be heard on the tops of the trees. If you are in a wilderness, it is my friend who constitutes the charm of it; if you dance in the assembly of the people, it is my friend, too, who causes your pleasures. My friend and I have wreathed our hearts together like lilies; these lilies shall flourish and decay together.' Such was the song of the fraternal couple. The sun was at that moment shedding his last rays on the foliage of the forest; the reeds, the bushes, the oaks became animated; every rill sighed forth whatever is most tender in friendship; every tree spoke its language; every bird sang its delights. But René was the Spirit of woe, who had lost his way and strayed into these enchanting retreats. On their return to the cabin, the feast of friendship was held: it consisted of fruits surrounded by flowers. The two friends learned to pronounce in each other's language the words, father, mother, sister, wife."

The translation has done every possible justice to the original; it is very freely and gracefully executed.

An Elementary Treatise of Mechanical Philosophy, written for the use of the Undergraduate Students of the University of Dublin. By Bartholomew Lloyd, D.D., one of the Senior Fellows, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University.

IRELAND, with all its manly and intellectual qualities, so seldom, of late years, offers any thing to the English eye but fierce politics and angry personal discussion, that we had nearly given up the idea of expecting from it any publication unstained by the passions and unfortunate prejudices of the time. Yet, feeling the respect due to a country which has been the seat of as much talent as perhaps any other in the world, under its circumstances; and at once honouring the past contributions of Ireland to the literature of the empire, and hoping for the future,—we shall at all times take every opportunity in our power of attending to its literary progress, and so far as our Journal may effect the purpose, of extending the reputation of its living writers.

We have now to call the public attention to a scientific work equally remarkable for the

depth of its researches, and the clearness, simplicity, and elegance, with which they are communicated. The name of its author is already well known to our men of science. But mathematics are now passing from the college and the closet into the hands of the people; and if it be desirable that a knowledge so unusual should be given at all, it must be peculiarly desirable that it should be given from the best sources. We have no hesitation in saying, that no elementary work extant on the mechanical philosophy, or science of the laws of matter, can bear a comparison with the present, in either comprehensiveness, clearness of demonstration, or the fine combination of what is useful with what is profound.

It is now about twelve years since Professor Lloyd was appointed to the mathematical chair in the Irish university. He had already distinguished himself by very early and remarkable attainments in various knowledge; and his appointment was naturally looked to for peculiar advantages to the scientific instruction of the college. No man less slept on his oars. Within a short period he introduced a new system, made those modern discoveries familiar, which have altered the whole aspect of mathematics, and opened the way to the *Mécanique Céleste* to students who might, in the former course, have been still lingering among the first rules of analysis.

One of the chief difficulties in the change, was the want of elementary works. The Professor applied himself to remedy this want, and produced his "*Analytic Geometry*," published in 1819; a treatise of singular skill and elegance, on one of those parts of mathematics which rewards the student with perhaps the most curious results. The treatise abounds with delicate and ingenious applications of Analysis to figure of every kind.

On the first vacancy in the chair of natural philosophy, which is elective, Dr. Lloyd was chosen without competition to a rank which his high attainments had long secured to him in the estimation of the university. His conduct in that chair has fully justified the opinion; and, ably as it had been filled by some of his predecessors,—by Hamilton, bishop of Ossory, author of the "*Conic Sections*," perhaps the finest specimen of pure geometry in modern times; by the lamented Young, bishop of Killala, author of the "*Treatise on Sounds*," one of the happiest illustrations of the Newtonian philosophy; and by others,—we anticipate, from the work before us, that the honours of the chair will receive increase in the hands of its present possessor.

Dr. Lloyd, in a very interesting preface, explains the necessity and motives of his work, adverts to his chief aids in its production, and closes with the intelligence, which will be gratifying to every lover of science, that he has another volume on the subject in preparation.

Our want of space, and the general complexion of our topics, equally prevent any detailed examination of a treatise comprehending all the diversities of force, motion, and the instruments by which we are enabled to convert the powers of nature to human use,—the wheel, pendulum, lever, &c.—under the two general heads of Statics and Dynamics. A considerable part of the volume is of course elementary, and within the use of individuals not yet deeply versed in science. But for the indulgence of mathematicians of a more advanced order, we may point out in the Statics, sections 3. on equal and parallel forces; 4. on the conditions of equilibrium; and, 12. on the

principles of statics: and in the Dynamics, sections 3. on forces producing curvilinear motion; 4. on central forces; and, 5. on constrained motion.

The general diffusion of mathematics and their kindred branches among the people may be looked on in different points of view by men equally zealous for the general good. "Knowledge puffeth up," is a maxim of the highest authority, and founded on common experience. But knowledge is not essentially apart from wisdom. In the hands of the truly intelligent, knowledge is the most immediate teacher of humility. The fool who, from seeing a mechanical power demonstrated at a lecture, thinks that he could make the world, or that the world could subsist without a God, will perhaps remain a fool till the grave closes upon his vanity. To the philosopher, knowledge is like the clearing away of the clouds at night; the further he sees into the heavens, the more he is convinced of the boundless extent, splendour, and wonders of the great field of creation; in looking into the heights of nature, he feels more and more that he is only worshipping the secret steps of Deity.

But what we have been here attempting to say, we find much better expressed in the introduction to Dr. Lloyd's volume. "The aim of the philosopher is not the servile imitation of nature; neither is the knowledge to which he aspires limited to that of her more obvious proceedings. . . . But the reward of his labours is not withheld until the end of his researches is fully attained by him. Every step by which he advances leads him to more enlarged views of the power and wisdom of the great Author and Contriver of all things, and of his provident concern for the well-being of his creation; and for every step he is rewarded with an enlargement of his power over that world which the Creator hath put under his dominion." (p. 4.) To sentiments like these, equally eloquent, rational, and pious, nothing needs be added as an evidence of the mind of their accomplished author. Science in such hands is safe; it is not the firebrand, but partakes of the pure and lofty lustre from above.

Keppel's Journey from India.

[Fourth Notice.]

WE really, with all our novelties, cannot help lingering over this pleasing volume.—On the next day after that where our last *Gazette* left Capt. K., he continues: "I started at sunrise, with fresh horses; and, having marched ten miles across a plain covered with antelopes, arrived on the banks of the Kur, which forms the southern boundary of the extensive province of Shirvan. This river, the Cyrus of the ancients, is considerably larger than the Araxes, but less rapid in its course: not far hence, it receives the waters of the Araxes, and the united streams then disembogue into the Caspian Sea. It was on the banks of this river, that Cyrus was massacred, together with his army, by the neighbouring mountaineers. We hailed the village on the opposite side, and a boat was immediately sent, which conveyed us over."

Within four days more he was on the shore of the Caspian, at Bakoo.

"Bakoo, pleasantly situated on the peninsula of Abosharon, is a neat though small sea-port town, built entirely of stone. It is surrounded by a deep ditch and double wall of stone, the western side of which was completely carried away last year by one of those

violent hurricanes so common in this place, and from which the name of the town is derived. The roofs of the houses are flat, and covered with a thick coating of naphtha. There is one Armenian church, and twenty mosques; but some are in ruins, others have been converted by the Russians into magazines; and the only Russian church here was once a place of Mahometan worship. The bazar, which, though small and narrow, is neat and clean, forms an advantageous contrast with the general appearance of these Asiatic marts. There are no vegetables here; nor, indeed, is there a blade of vegetation. The water, which is drawn from pits in the suburbs, is reckoned very wholesome. The principal productions are the black and white naphtha, which are in such abundance, that some of the wells are said to produce fifteen hundred pounds a-day. The principal commodities of commerce are common silk and small articles of Russian manufacture. The population is computed at four thousand souls, which, with the exception of a few Armenians, consists of Tartars. A force of five hundred men comprises the nominal strength of the garrison; but the mortality is so great, especially amongst the new conscripts, that they have seldom more than half that number effective. In my evening strolls along the banks of the Caspian, I had occasion to observe the immense quantity of herrings which had been caught by the fishermen here. These fish, which are called by the Persians the royal fish, were the finest of the species I had ever seen. I have little to remark respecting the Caspian Sea, except that the answers to my inquiries confirmed what has been said of it by Pallas and other travellers."

The visit to the Guebre Fire Temple we have already quoted, and have therefore now only to leave Bakoo after a three-days' residence, on the homeward road, by Kuba.

"In my anxiety," says the writer, "to proceed at a quicker pace, I so completely knocked up my servant, that he could with difficulty be prevented from falling out of his saddle. After a hot and fatiguing march we arrived at a Cossack station, where I purposed breakfasting; but my exhausted domestic had no sooner dismounted, than he threw himself into the first shady spot he could find, and was soon in a profound slumber, leaving me without breakfast, or the power to make known my wants. Thinking I should only lose time by disturbing the poor fellow's rest, I let him sleep on, and sat down on my baggage, hungry and dispirited. In this mood I was accosted by a gigantic personage, whose face, studded with pimples, was curiously set off by his huge Tartar cap. The rest of his person was incased in a cloak formed of undressed sheepskins, with the wool worn inside. He turned out to be the officer of the station, and was one of those Cossacks who visited Paris in 1815; and whose Tartar skill in spoliation must be still fresh in the recollection of the Parisians. In a friendly growl, which he intended to be French, I distinguished the word *déjeuner*: immediately at the sound, I followed him into a wretched hovel, to which he welcomed me with an apologetic sigh. The chamber was about twelve feet square, and lighted by three small panes of glass and a few sheets of oiled paper: an uniform coat, a pair of pantaloons, a sabre, a cartouch-box, and a pair of pistols, suspended from several nails, were the only decorations of the mud walls; and a bed of straw, with the black saddle cushion for a pillow, formed the couch of the warrior. For

the humble appearance of the dwelling, I had been prepared; but bitter was the disappointment on observing the meal which he had dignified with the name of *déjeuner*. Bread, the blackest and heaviest I ever tasted; water, not of the cleanest; three cucumbers, and a tough strip of salt fish, formed this morning's sorry bill of fare. After breakfast, I returned to my servant, and sat watching his eyes for two hours, which, in my impatience, I thought never would re-open. At length he awoke, and with the assistance of a hearty shake, which I gave to prevent a relapse into drowsiness, he was so far recovered as to be hoisted into the saddle, and we again got under weigh. From this day, to that on which we parted, the poor Persian became worse than useless; as, instead of his being of any assistance to me, I had to wait upon him, and to use every means of persuasion to induce him to continue the journey."

"From the first setting out in this expedition, I had tried in vain to shake off the painful feeling of drowsiness with which I had always been assailed at some period of the day's march. This evening, however, I fell sound asleep in my saddle for three hours; and though the road led over precipitous mountains, I did not awake until I had arrived at the station, when I was roused by the Cossacks, who had spread my mattress for me in the middle of the yard."

"The modern capital of the province of Durbund, Daghestan, stands on the site of the city of Albania, and corresponds in position with the *Albania pyle* of the ancients. The walls, which are of undoubted antiquity, are visible from the height of the mountain, and, by the appearance of the water, may be traced a considerable distance into the Caspian Sea. These divide the city into three compartments; the highest, comprising a square of half-a-mile, constitutes the citadel. The town is in the centre, and there are a few gardens in the lower division. Near the sea, I was shown the foundation of a house built by Peter the Great, who visited this city soon after it had been taken by the Russians. The highest portion of the walls is in the middle division, and is about thirty feet high, twenty thick at the foundation, decreasing to twelve in the upper part, over which is a parapet three feet thick. The walls are built of a compact stone of a dark colour, and consist of large blocks: the cement which binds them together is concealed by the insertion of a narrow slip of stone between each. Sixty bastions protrude at regular intervals. One of the gates towards the north, probably that which had been most in ruins, has lately been repaired by the Russians, who have adorned it with an inscription in their language: the new work sets off to advantage the more ancient appearance of the other parts of the buildings. Over another of the gates, is an inscription by Chosroes, King of Persia, in whose possession it was prior to the Mahometan era; and so impressed was he with the importance of the place, that he granted the governors the privilege of sitting on a golden throne, which once gave a name to the city. There are various conjectures as to the founder of these walls, though all are agreed upon their high antiquity. Some say they are the celebrated Gog and Magog of history; others, that they were founded by Alexander the Great, though it seems quite improbable that he could ever have come so far as this place. There are others, again, who affirm that the founder was another Alexander, who flourished several centuries before the Macedo-

nian hero. The universal belief among the Orientals is, that the wall formerly extended hence to the Black Sea; and though the Russian officers told me that remains have been seen in the Caucasus at a great distance, I have the authority of Major Monteith (who has frequently attempted to discover them), that no traces whatever are visible in any part of Georgia. The most probable conjecture appears to be, that the wall terminates in some strong feature of the Caucasus, and was built for the purpose of closing this pass against the invasion of the northern Tartars. In more modern times, Durbund has alternately been in the hands of Turks, Tartars, Arabs, Persians, and Russians; the latter nation having now possession of it for the second time. The number of the inhabitants, independent of the Russian garrison, is estimated at twelve thousand; and comprises a mixed population of Armenians, Georgians, Mahometans, principally of the Sunni persuasion, and of Jews, of which religion there are great numbers along the coast, and, as I am informed, throughout the interior of Mount Caucasus. The bazar is tolerably good, but the houses are mean and poor. I understand that General Yermoloff, the commander-in-chief of Georgia, intends pulling down the old town and building it anew. To the south of the town is a large tract of cultivated land, laid out in corn fields and vineyards; and there are some gardens which produce abundance of a variety of fruits, the white mulberry among others; a great quantity of saffron is also grown here."

As Georgia, and all this part of the world possesses peculiar interest at the present period, we have read Captain Keppel's observations with much pleasure; and as we have, not space to quote them so much at large as they deserve, we beg to recommend this division of the work to special public attention. We add, however, a little more—

"July 11.—This morning (Sunday) the commandant took me to dine with the colonel of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. The colonel received me with much politeness, and introduced me to his lady, a lively and pretty Livonian, who, I was pleased to find, spoke French fluently. The officers as well as the men occupied temporary buildings, made of the branches of trees; but barracks on an extensive scale were preparing for their reception. While dinner was getting ready, we went round the buildings, which are all of stone, and will have a grand appearance. This work is performed entirely by the soldiers; and the colonel informed me, that there was not a man in the regiment who did not follow some trade. On my return to the room, the company, consisting of the officers of the regiment and the staff-officers of the garrison, were thronging in. I here saw, for the first time, the Russian salutation. Every officer, on entering, took the right hand of the hostess, and pressed it to his lips, while she at the same moment kissed his cheek. Dinner was prefaced by a glass of brandy and a piece of salt fish. The ladies, of whom there were several, seated themselves together: the post of honour, next our fair hostess, was assigned to me as the stranger; the band played during dinner; after which the company (with the exception of myself, who took a siesta,) sat down to cards.

"July 12.—My Persian servant, hearing I intended to resume the journey this afternoon, told me that he would not, for any sum that I could offer, accompany me again; but as I had also determined that nothing should induce me to take him further, I had, with the assistance

of the commandant, provided myself with a substitute, who made his appearance this morning, ready equipped for the march. He was a tall, fearless-looking Tartar, upwards of six feet high, with large fierce black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a pair of mustaches that nearly covered his face. His dress, the same as that worn by other Lesguys Tartars, consisted of a low cap fitting close to the head, and bound round with fur, which being of the same colour as his mustaches, heightened the ferocity of his weather-beaten features. A robe of blue stuff extended to the knee; on each breast were fixed a row of painted cartridge cases; a narrow leather strap bound his loins, and in it were stuck a flint, a steel, a small tobacco-pipe, a handsome dagger, a pair of pistols, and a Tartar whip, consisting of two thick thongs. On his feet he wore a sort of sandal, which was fixed on with lacings bound tightly round the leg up to the knee. This, I have observed, is common to the mountaineers of Coordistan and Persia, as well as throughout the line of Caucasus, and is probably of use in supporting the muscles of the leg when ascending a height. The crossed pattern of the Scotch Highlander's tartan hose may possibly have some allusion to this mode of binding. In mentioning my Tartar's equipment, I had almost forgotten the most material article, for such he considered it—a quart bottle of Russian arrack, to which he always resorted on the journey, as his only and infallible cure for hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The free and easy manner of this fellow towards myself was curiously contrasted with the respectful deportment to which I had been accustomed from his predecessor, who never addressed me but with the title of jenaub (excellency), nor spoke of himself but as my bundah (slave). My stipulation with the Tartar was that he should accompany me to Kizliar, and for this he should receive a toman a day, provided he was always on the alert, and was content with the small portion of sleep I should allow him. He immediately replied, that he would not sleep at all; a promise which, to the best of my belief, he faithfully kept. The bargain was scarcely concluded, when the Persian, in an earnest tone of remonstrance, spoke a few words to him in Turkish, which I found were intended to dissuade him from accompanying me, saying that, if he did, he would certainly die of fatigue. In reply to this friendly caution, the Tartar cast a contemptuous glance at his adviser, and turning round familiarly to me, loudly exclaimed, 'God be praised, we are not Persians!'"

The conclusion next Saturday.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of L. E. L. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

In this elegant edition of her principal poems, the Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, and the Golden Violet of L. E. L. are uniformly printed, and embellished with finely executed frontispieces, vignettes, and engraved title-pages. Of the admired contents of volumes so universally known, and so justly popular, it would now be a waste to speak; and we mean chiefly in this brief notice to direct attention to the external taste and beauty with which this new edition has been fitted for the drawing-room, boudoir, or lady's bower. In its green binding it looks quite a literary emerald; certainly a not inappropriate appearance for the soft and pure lustre which shines within. We have intimated that the repetition of any opinions of ours upon the merits of L. E. L.'s poetry is uncalled for; but we cannot resist the oppor-

tunity of saying, that of all the duties the *Literary Gazette* has ever had to perform, that of causing such genius to be known and appreciated has been the most delightful. That our praises could do nothing for mediocrity, we are perfectly sensible; but when they embody sentiments which every sound critic, as well as the general public voice, afterwards, adopt and sanction, we entertain a proud satisfaction in the power of eminently promoting the cause of talents and literature. Thus in the present case, the gifted individual whose extraordinary mind was first developed in our pages, has since met with far more gratifying testimonies of applause than our, consequently, partial pen could offer. We have seen no review or critical journal* which has refused its tribute to her fame; and among others, the distinguished poet whose name is associated with the *New Monthly Magazine*, has pronounced an eulogium of the most eloquent kind upon the muse of his young and accomplished contemporary.

The Log Book.—a monthly publication, dedicated to naval matters, comic as well as serious, and with amusing reading, as well as a useful chronicle of information, has lately exhibited its No. One. The following cruel joke is related among its contents.

"*Calabashing of a Horse*.—A jolly tar once hired a horse for a day's excursion, and on alighting at an inn to get some refreshment, Johnny ordered the ostler to *calabash* the horse, and immediately went into the house and ordered a beefsteak smothered with onions, and a glass of brandy and water. The ostler in the meanwhile stood pondering upon the strange order which he had received, and which he could not execute, because he did not comprehend it. He was, however, soon extricated from this dilemma by the arrival of a naval captain and his spouse in a phaeton and pair. On the captain's inquiring the reason of the ostler's standing motionless, and in a sort of reverie, the latter replied, that a sailor gentleman had ordered him to *calabash* the horse, and that he did not understand what *calabashing* meant. 'No?' said the captain; 'why you must cut off its ears and its tail.' These instructions the ostler complied with, as soon as he had disposed of the captain's equipage. The jolly tar, who was sitting at a window above, and had overheard all that passed between the captain and the ostler, resolved upon being a match for the facetious captain. Accordingly, Jack had no sooner finished his repast, than he descended into the stable, and taking a knife out of his pocket, ripped up the mouths of the captain's horses, even to their ears; he then ordered his docked, or rather *calabashed* horse, to be brought in front of the window where the captain and his spouse were sitting, enjoying the fresh air. As soon as Jack mounted his horse, the captain exclaimed: 'So, Jack, they have *calabashed* your horse.' 'Yes, sir,' rejoined he; and I am happy to say, that yours have split their jaws with laughing at him.'"

* It is pleasing to notice such instances of good liberal feeling. Not only the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but Mr. Hunt (another poet of no mean character), in his *Examiner*, as well as the editors of the *Monthly Review*, *London Magazine*, *Literary Magnet*, *Literary Chronicle*, *Courier*, *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, *New Times*, and all the other periodicals which we have seen (no matter of what party), have united in bearing witness to the beauties of L. E. L.'s compositions, and expressing their wonder at that inspiration which could pour forth such a flood of delicious song at so early a period of life. When we add, that, perhaps, fifteen thousand copies of these poems have been circulated, it will show how the public has responded to the critical verdict.

Specimens of British Poetesses. Crown 8vo. pp. 446. Selected and chronologically arranged by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. Oxon. T. Rodd. London, 1827.

THIS very handsome volume has long been a desideratum in our modern literature, and does great credit to the editor, both for the original idea, and for the care and taste of its execution; and we must add, that it is also the highest trophy that could be erected to our present fair literati. Striking indeed has been their progress: in all this flower-gathering from past times, there is not a specimen which could bear a moment's comparison with Mrs. Hemans's *Voice of Spring*. As a whole, we cordially recommend these graceful pages to all the bindings *coulour de rose, bleu céleste, &c.* which now do the honours of our drawing-room tables: and more still, we recommend them to the perusal of all those to whom the varieties of poetical workings are interesting,—and interesting they must be to every cultivated mind. It has indeed frequently appeared a matter of surprise to us, that, whilst such numerous collections of, and selections from, the British poets have been given to the world, the poetical effusions of British female talent have either escaped the researches of all former editors, or, what is much the same in effect, have been disregarded by them.

There is, however, one exception: we allude to the two small volumes first published in 1755, and entitled, *Poems by English Ladies*. These, it is generally understood, were edited by Colman and Bonnel Thornton. Since that time, a vast accession has accrued to the stores of female poetry; and there is no question, that all the more beautiful gems might be selected from the works of writers subsequent to the period just mentioned. The interesting volume before us presents a selection from the publications of eighty-seven poetesses, commencing with the quaint stanzas of Juliana Berners, who lived about the year 1400; and concluding with quotations from the exquisite poems of Miss Landon.

AMONG the literary novelties of the week, the reviews of which we are compelled to postpone for want of room, is Captain King's *Survey of Australia*, in two volumes octavo; but as a copy of this work has been for some months in our possession, and the contents familiar to us, we can take upon ourselves to mention it as a very interesting performance. In one of our *Gazettes* some months ago, when detailing the various scientific voyages of the time, we gave a summary of Captain King's useful labours.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Royal Society of Agriculture, of Paris, being admitted to present its homages to his Majesty Charles X. on the occasion of the New Year, the Viscount Hericart de Thury, the President, addressed his Majesty as follows:

"SIRE,—The more agriculture is honoured, the happier are the people, and the prince more beloved.

"Penetrated with this sage maxim, your Majesty, in order to encourage agriculture, has given to his people a striking testimony of the interest he feels in the first of arts, and the science of sciences, in establishing in his domain of Grignon an experimental farm destined to serve as a model for the rest of the kingdom.

"Encouraged in its humble labours by the protection of which your Majesty, like your august predecessors, has designed to give it the

assurance, the Royal Society of Agriculture has redoubled its efforts to justify, Sire, the solicitude which you have deigned to display. It has undertaken new labours: it has embraced all the branches of our rural and forest economy.

"In applauding the manner in which the project of the forest code has been drawn up, it has not hesitated to manifest its opinion on the necessity of securing, by the new law, the demands of our marine—the works of the great monarch (Louis XIV.) your august ancestor, to whom France equally owes the excellent ordinance on the waters and forests.

"Without the assistance of Divine Providence nothing can succeed. We implore it and supplicate it to grant to your Majesty a long reign, for the happiness of your people, who shower benedictions on your Majesty, perceiving in your numerous benefits the return of the reign of the good Henry, of eternal memory."

His Majesty replied:

"I receive with great pleasure the expression of your sentiments. I am happy in having found an occasion of publicly shewing how highly I esteem the progress of agriculture in France. Nothing can be more important for the happiness of my people; and as my greatest desire is to augment their prosperity, this sentiment will always lead me to undertake, on every occasion, what shall seem to me the most proper to attain that end."

His Majesty Charles X. purchased the domain of Grignon, comprising 1,100 acres of wood and other land. He has granted it for forty years to a joint stock company, on condition of forming an experimental farm. His Majesty abandons, during the forty years, the whole of the revenues of this domain, on the sole condition that, in the forty years, improvement shall be made of the value of 12,000*l.*, which shall belong to the domain of the crown.

A company has been formed, and the enterprise seems likely to prosper.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 9.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Master of Arts.—Rev. T. E. Pilon, St. John's College; *Bachelors of Arts*.—L. Garland, of Trinity College; T. Sikes, of Queen's College.

OXFORD, Feb. 10.—Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity (by accumulation).—Rev. J. Cookesley, Exeter College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. B. S. Claxton, Worcester College; Rev. E. Progers, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—G. D. Kent, Scholar of C. C. College; Rev. J. Hawkins, Balliol College; Rev. C. Oakes, St. John's College; Rev. T. Price, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. J. Fleming, Christ Church, grand compounder; E. Cave, J. Mackell, Brasenose College; G. C. Elwes, Trinity College; P. M. Smythe, Christ Church; J. Gower, Magdalen College; S. Beckwith, St. John's College; C. Nicoll, Exeter College.

AUSTRIAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA: END OF DECEMBER, 1826. There is more than usual activity in our literary world, and we are happy to say, that it has produced several valuable works. The number of our periodical publications has not increased; but those that we already possess are undoubtedly much improved. The *Annals of Literature* (*Jahrbücher der Literatur*) still maintains the first place. The History of Vienna, an excellent work by Baron Hormaier, Historiographer of the Empire, is now rapidly approaching to a conclusion.

The first volume of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*, by the learned orientalist M. Joseph von Hammer, is printed; and the publication is only delayed for a week or two on account of the map of the original territory of the Ottomans. This first volume embraces the period of time from the origin of the Ottoman dynasty to the conquest of Constantinople. The author appears to retain the division which he adopted in his *View* (published in Hormaier's Archives) of all the works that have appeared in Europe on Ottoman history: viz. seven divisions, from the foundation of the empire to the breaking out of the Greek revolution in 1821. According to this plan, as the first volume is taken up with the first period, it should seem that the whole work is calculated to make seven volumes, which may be published in less than an equal number of years, as the second volume is already in the press. The author, from his knowledge of the oriental languages, and his researches, travels, and purchases, during the last thirty years, is rich in preparation for this great work. He has, besides, had free access to the imperial archives; which, unquestionably, is the richest in Europe in documents relative to Ottoman history. The first person in Europe who had the merit of writing Turkish history from the original sources, was Gantier Spiegel, chief interpreter to Ferdinand I., by the translation of a Turkish chronicle. During the long period of a century and a half, from Spiegel to Canemir, hardly any thing was done;—in very recent times, some fragments were translated from the historians Resmî and Wassîf. The *Journal Asiatique* has sufficiently proved how poor and ill-digested a performance Canemir's history is: all other old and new works on Turkish history, especially the French works of Petit de la Croix, Mignot, and Alin, are mere compilations copied from one another: only the English author Rycant, and the Venetian Sagvedo, have faithfully recorded the events of which they were eye-witnesses.

A new edition of Pyrker's *Rudolphiad* is in the press, which is a proof of the justice done to his merit. Schreivogel (West) has been at length persuaded to publish a complete edition of his works, to consist of about six volumes, which will satisfy the reiterated wishes of the friends of his muse. Deinhardstein, whom the emperor has lately appointed Professor of Classical Literature in the Academy, has published the first volume of his *Theatre*, in an extremely elegant edition. It contains only such pieces as have given satisfaction on the stage and in the closet, and are still stock-pieces in the most considerable German theatres. We have also several younger poets, whose talents deserve encouragement; the most distinguished of whom are Gottfried von Leitner, Ebert, and Gabriel Seidl. The first has published two volumes containing ballads, romances, traditions, songs, elegies from Alphonso La Marline, &c. The new year has also given birth to some new almanacks of considerable variety and taste.

LITERATURE IN PARIS.

AMONG the literary *projets* of our neighbours across the channel, we have been attracted by one; the prospectus of a Bibliographical Company for the re-impression of all good national and excellent foreign works translated into French.

The motto is extremely well chosen:—

"Rome dompta le monde, Athènes l'éclaircit;
Le triomphe a péri, le bienfaite restera!"

and the prospectus is drawn up in rather a striking style:—witness the annexed extract. After praising the encouragement given to letters in England, the writer observes—

"The love of books is by no means so general in France as in England; it is a taste which we are acquiring; it has not yet become a want; and we could point out a number of amiable people, respectable merchants, and bankers known for their enormous fortunes, and who, as if they were only upstarts, do not possess a single volume, and have no other library than their wine-cellar. The time is arriving which will do justice on this affront to letters: in ten years every man will blush as much to be without a library as he now blushes to be poor."

"A certain prince rallied the good king Robert, who joined in the church service, on his being able to read—a thing quite disgraceful in his eyes! 'An unlettered prince,' replied Robert, 'is only a crowned ass.' Then, however, the error was pardonable, as it reposed on the prejudices of a *caste*. But that eminent persons of the present day should exclaim against literature, is inconceivable: we would remind them of the edict of the King of England, who, to encourage learning in his states, declared that the culprit who could read should have the benefit of clergy, and should not be executed. Parents then began to give instruction to their children. 'No one knows what may happen,' said they. And you, are not you aware, that neither exile, captivity, nor solitude, are insupportable to those that love books?"

"The French princes have always encouraged letters; Charlemagne founded a kind of academy; Chilperic was a good grammarian, though a bit of a tyrant; St. Louis encouraged learned men, and was learned himself. Even Louis XI. and the Sorbonne protected printing in its infancy against the accusation of magic made by the parliament; Francis I. wrote passable poetry; Henry IV. was not less remarkable for his wit than his courage, and the solid protection which those two princes granted to letters, prepared the age of Louis XIV.; Louis XV. was well informed; Louis XVI. still more so, he translated Walpole's Richard III., and wrote with his own hand the instructions for La Perouse; Louis XVIII. immortal by his charter, would have been distinguished as a man of letters."

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 65. *A Scene from the Novel of the Antiquary*. Wm. Daniell, R.A.—We know of no scene in any novel or work of imagination more calculated to fix the mind, or fill it with the wild terrors of a situation so powerfully and so truly described, as that in which the powerful hand of the Scottish Wizzard has drawn the almost miraculous escape of his characters from the tremendous influx of Ocean. With this description the genius of Mr. Daniell is especially calculated to keep pace, if indeed a scene so painted by the writer can be represented by the pencil. As far, however, as this appears possible, it has been done by the artist. His attention to subjects of storms and tempests peculiarly fitted him for the task; while his originality in portraying the sea in its most destructive forms, gives a reality as well as a sublimity to his design.

No. 179. *The Pulpit of the Church of St. Gudual, at Brussels*. D. Roberts.—It is not now, as heretofore, the object of the artist to display his skill in the perspective view of

"the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," but to confine himself to such portions of the building as will afford an opportunity of exhibiting some striking effect of light, or some powerful contrast of form and colour. In this we think our native artists have eminently distinguished themselves. However the form and colour of the pulpit of St. Gudual may have assisted the artist in this power of contrast, we cannot but consider its character as bordering on the ludicrous. The figures of Adam and Eve, the Tree of Knowledge, Birds and Beasts in entire relief, present nothing to the mind calculated to excite either awe or devotion. Mr. Roberts, however, has given an interest to his theme by his usual excellence of arrangement and execution.

No. 184. *A Pilot-Boat crossing the Bar off the Brill; Squally Evening*. John Wilson.—Our artist is certainly well at sea, and there are passages in this performance that would credit any painter in the naval class. The near water is beautifully reflected, and its motion well depicted. There is a little of what appears crude in the colouring, but time will mend this. Yet, however Mr. Wilson may succeed in the marine department; we advise him not to lose sight of the LAND, on which he has made so much good ground.

No. 198. and 206. *The Forsaken, and the Adieu*. G. S. Newton.—Are in the usual attractive style of this artist's pencil, and alike distinguished for appropriate expression. A little more finish, we think, might have been bestowed on the *Forsaken*.

No. 205. *Mamelukes*. A. Cooper, R.A.—A clear and beautiful gem of art.

No. 208. *A Road Scene at Copethorne, Sussex*. P. Nasmyth.—Without any departure from his usual manner of painting, this clever performance reminds us very much of the best of Ruysdael's and Hobbins's works.

No. 222. *Amiens*. C. R. Stanley.—Among the numerous examples of picturesque towns on the Continent, we do not recollect to have seen one more striking or interesting from its site and character. The artist has, very judiciously we think, kept the buildings in their natural and subdued tone, and richly contrasted them by the brilliant colours of the dress and figures on the foreground.

No. 313. *Deer, Hounds, &c.* Edwin Landseer.—The et cetera in this picture are far more than are generally implied, for they form a curious and interesting display of articles belonging to the field-sports of other days; a description of which would furnish a rich page for the pen of the novelist. We do not, however, mean to say that the dogs are either out of place, or unimportant in the composition. They are the well-known favourites of Sir W. Scott: this adds greatly to the value of the painting, which is also highly finished, and in a fine tone of colouring. There is a companion to this, of Dead Deer and Deer Hound, marked with the usual skill of the artist's hand, though we think a little too abrupt in the varied tints of the animal, and a little too coarse in pencilling, for a picture of the cabinet size.

No. 319. *A Florentine Girl*. Henry Howard, R.A.—Although in a great degree a repetition of one the artist has before exhibited, there is a sentiment and expression sufficiently varied in this portrait to be highly attractive. And while we express our pleasure in contemplating the simplicity and beauty of the subject, we may take an opportunity of instituting a comparison between the present fashionable monstrosity of female head gear, and the unaffected and natural

appearance of our Florentine damsel's head and hair. We will venture to say, should any of our fashionable females submit their faces for the purpose of portraiture to any artist of distinguished, or even moderate talent, he would refuse the sanction of his easel to so odious a disguise as that which now deforms some of the most beautiful countenances in the universe. We hope at least, that this offensive style is upon the decline, and that instead of large hideous curls, disfiguring almost every feature, especially those that are small, we shall again see our fair friends with natural braids and unaffected ringlets.

No. 333. *The Pugilists—Time*. E. Bristowe.—A humorous and well-executed burlesque on the *fancy*; in which monkeys are the actors of the whimsical drama. They, however, appear to have something to quarrel about, as the accessories denote, and do not fight, like human brutes, for love.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Richard Westmacott, Esq. R.A., was last week elected Professor of Sculpture, in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. Birkbeck. Painted by Samuel Lane; Edited by Henry Dawe. London, 1827.—Knight and Lacy.

THIS is a good and characteristic likeness of the very clever and intelligent person to whom the class of mechanics is so much indebted, for his efforts to raise them in the scale of mind and of society. The prejudices which many well-meaning men entertain against the system of informing the lower orders, as they think; beyond those bounds which permit contentment to agree with station in life, have never appeared to us to be founded in truth, experience, or a just knowledge of human nature; and therefore, though we might not approve of every part of such plan, we have always felt that in principle it was not only unobjectionable but highly commendable. But whether liked or disliked, it is now too firmly established to be shaken, and must proceed: all that is needful is to direct its course wisely, and make that a blessing, which without foresight and prudent regulation may be abused into a curse. As a work of art, this portrait is fairly scraped in mezzotint, though from the black dress rather dark, and the shortening of the left arm badly managed.

Les Precieuses Ridicules, (from Moliere.)

Painted by A. E. Chalon; on Stone, by Gauci. London, Engelmann and Co.

WE have two impressions of this amusing scene—one early, and the other when perfect; and we notice the circumstance from its affording proof of the successful use of an improvement in lithography, by which the stone is retouched till the subject receives the desired finish.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TELL ME, NOW THAT THOU ART MINE.

TELL me, now that thou art mine,
Why thou wert not sooner so:
Did thy bosom ne'er repine,
When thy lips had answer'd no?
When I call'd up visions bright
From the realms of hope and bliss,
Did thy fancy shun the sight?
Did thy wishes fly my kiss?

What! and would'st thou have me tell
How my foolish heart was won?
Would'st thou have me break the spell,
Ere its whole sweet work is done?

Many a year the same light chain
That has bound me now, should last;
And I fear 'twould break in twain,
Were a glance but on it cast.

PIERCE SHAFTON.

THE BIRTHDAY GARLAND.

Written to exemplify the Language of Flowers.*

DEAR friend, this simple chaplet take,
And keep one flower for Delia's sake.
Fair Summer's fragrant wreaths are dead,
And Autumn's tears upon them shed;
My hand hath sought, with pleasing pains,
The choicest of the year's remains.
The opening rose, love's emblem true,
(Though not as such I send to you),
From fairer maid will be your due.
The pansy, which may balm impart,
If Cupid chance to wound your heart;
The Grecian pea, so sweet and gay,
Shall drive ennui and care away;
The laurestinus and arbutus
December's dreary landscape suit,
Like Hope, they cheer the wintry scene,
And wear her emblematic green.
Around these various flowers you'll find
An ivy garland is entwined;
This deathless pledge of Friendship's truth
Is all I give thee, artless youth!
O may your life be thus combined,
And Hope, and Love, and Heaven, be kind!
And firm Affection's silken band
Twine round your heart and bind your hand.

H. E. B. FIDELIA.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. MALTE BRUN.*

THIS eminent Geographer was born in 1770 in Jutland; he was destined by his father, who was a clergyman, for the church, and sent to the University of Copenhagen to study theology; but he occupied himself in writing verses and a theatrical journal. Politics seemed to be the favourite theme of the young student; and when the minister Count de Bernstorff proclaimed the liberty of the press in Denmark, and endeavoured to abolish the slavery of the Serfs, Malte Brun declared himself the champion of liberal ideas; and while his father protested with the nobles against the abolition of slavery, the son wrote boldly for the liberty of the peasants. His success encouraged him to dare more; he joined the party which desired a radical change in the government of Denmark, and wrote a violent pamphlet entitled *Catechism of the Aristocrats*. Fearing for his liberty, he fled to Sweden; but finding the government did not trouble itself to make a state affair of his pamphlet, he returned to Denmark, and wrote still more violent productions, which rendered a second flight necessary. He was in his absence condemned to perpetual banishment, at the demand of the Emperor Paul and the King of Sweden, who required of the Danish court the punishment of the Jacobins of the north. He arrived at Paris, and the republican soon became an apostle of the imperial rule of Napoleon: as a writer in the *Journal de l'Empire*, he daily bespattered the idol of the day with the most extravagant praise; this lasted until the fall of Napoleon, when he quitted the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the *Quotidienne*, in which he had only to change the name of Napoleon for that

of Louis XVIII. to continue in his old style of continual admiration. These changes of opinion were but too common in France during the revolutions to which she submitted. But we shall not follow him through the labyrinth of his political career, in which he resembled the dial, which marks the hour exactly when the sun shines, but leaves no trace of his existence when clouds or night veil him from mortal eye.

It is therefore with pleasure we turn to M. Malte Brun's claims on society as a Geographer. He published with M. Mentelle a geographical work in sixteen volumes, and afterwards another alone. Of this latter work six volumes are before the public; and we may safely aver, that M. Malte Brun was the first who treated the subject as a science, and his work therefore claims a decided superiority over every other. It is already known to the English public in an elegant translation published by Messrs. Longman and Co. of London, and Mr. Black of Edinburgh: see *Literary Gazette* reviews, *passim*. Unfortunately, the author did not live to complete it: the seventh volume, which concludes it, was, we believe, nearly ready for the press when he died. He had just issued a prospectus of this seventh volume, and an Abridgment for the use of schools, as well as a Treatise on Ancient Geography, to be published in 1829; the prospectus is dated January 1827; but, alas! he did not survive even to prevent its being an anachronism.

M. Malte Brun's learning was considerable, and his zeal unabated: he was of very social habits, and during the winter had a regular weekly dinner of the literati of eminence of every country. He was extremely obliging, and had an excellent heart: it was only when he took the pen in his hand that he was really *méchant*; for then he neither spared friend nor foe; which made him many enemies. Though a foreigner, he wrote French with an elegance and purity at which many Frenchmen never arrive. He was the author of many other works, but his fame will entirely rest on his *Précis de la Géographie*; and we trust that it will be concluded with the same learned care that presided over the preceding volumes. He was of late years one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*; and as the French never lose an occasion of saying a good thing, *coute qui coute*, the rival papers said he died of surprise on learning that his colleague the Abbé Feletz had been elected Member of the Institute.

He has left an amiable widow and two sons to deplore his loss.

COUNT GREGORY VLADIMIROVICH ORLOV.

THIS nobleman, more distinguished for his attachment to literature, and the patronage he extended to it, than for his rank and birth, died on the 9th of last July, in the 48th year of his age. Having been obliged, in consequence of the delicate state of his health, to exchange his native climate for a milder one, he resided several years in Italy, during which period he composed his "Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Littéraires, sur le Royaume de Naples, 1820;" a work comprehending the entire history of Lower Italy, and marked both by its liberal and independent tone, and the historical research it displays. This was succeeded, in 1822, by his "Histoire des Arts en Italie," of which the two first volumes relate to music; the two others to painting. He likewise published an account of his travels through part of France, 3 vols. 1823: and it is

to him that the literary world is indebted for a translation into French and Italian of Krilov's Fables, which was conducted under his auspices. Shortly before his death, he had commenced a French translation of Karamsin's History of Russia,—a labour of no ordinary magnitude, and one which, if accomplished, would have been the means of communicating to the rest of Europe that noble monument of Russian literature.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

NO. XI.—MACVIC IAN.*

THE Mac-Ians, or Johnsons, of Ardnamurchan, were descended from John, a younger son of Eneas or Angus More, King of the Isles, the fourth in descent and succession from Somerled. The ancient lords of the district of Ardnamurchan were surnamed Connals, and were thus distinguished in the days of Saint Columba, as appears from his life by Adamnanus.

The Connals having failed in the male line, a confidential person in their service, perceiving that much contention was likely to arise about the marriage of the heiress, wisely resolved on securing his own interest by negotiating a treaty of marriage between his young mistress and John, the son of the great and powerful chief of the Macdonalds, though he was aware that her own inclination led to a very different person. This politic Caledonian was named Ernin Clerich, or Edmund the Clerk; and though his offspring assumed the name of Macdonald, they are still distinguished for prudence and address, after the lapse of more than five hundred years.

John erected a castle of very considerable dimensions, the walls of which are perfectly entire at this day: it stands at the western extremity of the Sound of Mull, and is well known to travellers under the appellation of Mingary Castle.

The tribe of Mac-Ians of Ardnamurchan, so termed to distinguish them from those of Glenco who bore the same patronymic, became numerous and powerful, and in process of time were considered among the most warlike and turbulent sept in the western Highlands. The heads of the elder branches of the Macdonalds being dead, and several of their heirs being under age, this family at one time made an attempt to usurp the crown of the Isles, to which they had very nearly forced their way, by various artifices not reputed very laudable. The contest came at last to an issue in the field, and a bloody battle was fought between the parties at Craiginairgid, in Glendrein, by ancient chroniclers called the conflict of the Silver-rock. It is said that four-and-twenty chiefs in coats of mail fought on this occasion, at the heads of their various clans, and the slaughter was very considerable, as the cairns seem still to attest. The Mac-Ians were defeated after a very hard struggle; and the loss which they suffered was so severe, that they never again recovered their influence. This happened in the very beginning of the fifteenth century.

A considerable time afterwards, the young chieftain of Ardnamurchan eloped with a daughter of Maclean, and conveyed her to his castle in safety, though warmly pursued. Like many modern marriages concluded in Gretna Green, this turned out by no means a happy one. The lady was very anxious to have a proper dowry settled upon her, and Mac-vic-Ian at length told

* The son of John's son. The chief is called the Son, and the cadets the Son's sons, to this day, in the Highlands.

* Young ladies will send us such pretty little verses, that we really cannot always say we have no room.—Ed.

† Not having seen any but compiled memoirs of this distinguished person in circulation, we are induced to give admission to this original sketch, which contains several new particulars of his life.—Ed.

her that he would give her all the land which she could see from a very high piece of ground which he mentioned, if that would satisfy her. The lady cheerfully embraced his offer, and he conducted her to the specified spot, accompanied by witnesses; but, to her great mortification, she found that her view did not in any direction extend a bow-shot. The stone on which she stood is still pointed out, and the valley is distinguished by the appellation of "the Lady's Downy" at this day.

The lady was determined to be revenged; and what will not disappointed ambition do! She taught a tamer, which she kept as a pet, to express some words not the most pleasant to the Laird of Ardnamurchan. He was a keen sportsman, though sometimes very unsuccessful. His mother's name was Eva; and one day when he came home empty handed, the raven met him in the court of the castle, and to his no little surprise cried out—"Eva's son has had no sport! Eva's son has had no sport!" "A blessing on thee; but a curse on thy teacher!" said the angry chieftain. His wife met him sneering, and he unfortunately insulted her—he pulled her nose; a treatment which she appears to have deserved. These circumstances, trifling as they may seem, were productive of very unhappy consequences. Long and bloody feuds between the Mac-Ians and Macleans took their origin from these events; and many a widow and orphan lamented the chattering of the raven.

DRAMA.

EXCEPT some alterations of no moment, in consequence of coughs and colds, at the King's Theatre, there is nothing in the dramatic department this week which requires notice.

PARISIAN THEATRES.

In the course of the last year a hundred and seventy new pieces were produced in Paris; being a dozen fewer than in the year preceding. The Académie Royale de Musique had only one new opera and two new ballets; but the opera (*Le Siège de Corinthe*) was completely successful; and one of the ballets (*Mars et Vénus*) always attracted a crowd; and there were two revivals, *Olympie* and *Le Triomphe de Trajan*. Sixteen new works and seven revivals shew the activity of the Théâtre Français. Of the former, four were tragedies, two dramas, and ten comedies. *L'Aigle*, *Le Jeune Mari*, and *Le Tasse*, were the most attractive pieces. The prolonged success of *La Dame Blanche* (which was brought out in 1825) allowed more repose to the Opéra-Comique. Its novelties were six in number, of which *Marie* and *Fiorella* were the most happy. Five or six pleasant revivals contributed to the variety at this theatre. Several accidents paralyzed the efforts of the Théâtre Italien. It produced nothing but the revivals of *Adeline* and *Zelmira*. Mademoiselle Soutag's visit, however, yielded considerable compensation for this barrenness. The Odéon is really the theatre of novelties. It had twenty-eight in the course of the year. Of these, the comedy of *L'Ecole des Veuves*, and the opera of *Marguerite d'Anjou*, especially obtained the public favour. The Théâtre de Madame had many successful pieces; but they were all eclipsed by *Le Mariage de Raison*, which ran for three months. Never was there a happier marriage; never was Reason so well received in Paris. The Vaudeville produced twenty-seven novelties; *Le Poirin*, *Le Dile-*

tante, and *La Mère au Bal*, were among the best. The Théâtre des Variétés offered to its visitors only twenty-two new productions. Thanks to the talents of Potier and Vernet, *Le Chiffonier*, *Les Jolis Soldats*, and *La Diligence*, were rather successful; but it cannot be denied that this theatre slumbers a little; it is about to have a neighbour that in all probability will rouse it. *La Galté* also did not exhibit its accustomed activity. It produced only nine novelties. It must be, however, confessed, that the long career of *Le Moulin des Etangs* and *Mac Douel* retarded the appearance of several other pieces. *La Nuit des Noces*, *Le Vieil Artiste*, and *L'Italienne*, filled the treasury of the Ambigu Comique, which produced sixteen novelties, and several revivals. They have not had any piece at the Porte Saint Martin so prodigiously successful as *Le Monstre* was the year before last; nevertheless, *Le Contumace* and *La Nœce et l'Enterrement* have been pretty well received. An absurd production, forming the second part of *Jocko*, has, however, been most lucrative. The unfortunate destruction by fire of *Le Cirque Olympique*, limited the mimodramas represented at that theatre to two. Of the hundred and seventy new pieces, eighty-eight were Vaudevilles. The number of authors a hundred and thirty-two.

VARIETIES.

Natural History, &c.—We rejoice to hear that a large portion of the MSS., drawings, and property, belonging to Captain Lyon, has been recovered from the wreck of the vessel in which he returned from Mexico, and which was lost off the Irish coast. Among his other acquisitions, we learn that this gallant and intelligent officer has brought home a fine ornithological collection; containing several new species of birds. These are being prepared and classed.

Madame Catalani has recently been giving concerts at the theatre of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

Mr. Yates is performing his own entertainments at Paris (in French) with great éclat.

Slavery: Miss Wright.—The Miss Wright (whom we once mistook for a man in our review) has recently been affording further evidence that she ought to have belonged to the male sex. This enthusiastic lady, the author of *Views of Society and Manners in America*, and of *Some Days in Athens*, has for three years been devoting herself and her fortune to the task of ameliorating the condition of black slaves in the United States. For this purpose, she bought negroes from their owners, and transported them to a place (called Memphis, in West Tennessee) where slavery was abolished. During three years, however, they were to work for their new masters, like Redemptioners, in order to defray their expenses: after this they were to be perfectly free. Miss Wright, at the head of this settlement, accompanied by a sister, had suffered much from ill health, but was better when the latest accounts left Memphis, in Dec. 1825. We may further notice this singular phenomenon, which *Le Globe*, * Paris literary journal, describes more fully.

* *Le Globe* is the most literary paper published in Paris, where it appears thrice a week. It is also published once a week in London at the General Foreign Agency Office, Norfolk Street, Strand, and Roland's, Berners Street, at 3d. each Number, or 3s. 12s. per annum. It embraces in its political reviews the Liberal, or Opposition side; but discusses many subjects of polite literature, learning, and science, with great talent.

M. A. Humboldt.—The King of Prussia (one of the royal patrons of literature and literary men, who are distinguished on their thrones at this era; witness the King of England, the King of Bavaria, the King of the Netherlands, and the new Emperor Nicholas) has invited Mr. Alexander Humboldt, the traveller, to quit Paris, and take up his residence in Berlin, under the most favourable auspices; and we hear that the invitation has been accepted.

The following impromptu was written by a Gentleman at Rome, upon hearing a French physician, in the course of delivering a lecture upon the new science of Numskulology, state, that neither cats nor horses had the organs of music.

"See," says the Golgothan, "Nature's force—These skulls, sirs—this a cat, and that a horse: Here music's well-marked organs are not found, Which proves them creatures unallied to sound."

"Hold," quoth a fiddling hearer: "prithese spare Those gentle animals of gut and hair: Their heads perchance, like other heads, may fall; But cats have bowsels, and a horse a tail."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Bowring has in the press a volume of the Poetical and Popular Literature of the Servians, intended to fill up one of the chasms which have hitherto prevented the English reader from taking a comprehensive view of modern (as contradistinguished from classical) minstrelsy. Book Sales.—By the Catalogue, sent to us, we observe that the sale of Mr. H. Drury's Library, by Mr. Evans, takes the lead among those which we recently mentioned as giving so important a literary feature, in this respect, to the present season. This sale alone will occupy twenty-three days; the number of lots being 4729. It seems to be very rich in rare and valuable manuscripts, including the principal Greek and Latin Classics, some Romances and Chronicles, &c., and one MS. of Lord Byron's. A Pocket Road Book of Ireland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries, intended to form a Companion to Leigh's New Pocket Road Book of England and Wales, is in the press.

Vagaries, in quest of the Wild and the Whimsical, containing about forty papers in prose and verse, by Pierce Shafton, Gent., is announced by Mr. Andrews.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

| February. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Thursday . . . 8 | From 25. to 37. | 30.28 to 30.30 |
| Friday . . . 9 | — 25. — 37. | 30.24 — 30.18 |
| Saturday . . . 10 | — 25. — 34. | 30.03 — 29.90 |
| Sunday . . . 11 | — 26. — 34. | 30.74 — 29.79 |
| Monday . . . 12 | — 29. — 30. | 29.70 — 29.73 |
| Tuesday . . . 13 | — 30. — 30. | 29.92 — 30.30 |
| Wednesday 14 | — 26. — 40. | 29.97 — 29.94 |

Prevailing wind N.E. Except the 8th, 9th, and 10th, generally cloudy—a little snow on the 19th and 15th.

Edmonton. Latitude . . . 51° 37' 39" N. Longitude . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For various reasons we cannot say aye to H.; T. Garland; F. J. H.; E. B.; the lines on the Arctic expedition.

We should think we did an injury were we, under the circumstances stated, to encourage W. G. B. in his course as proposed by Y. Z. Poetry is a bad trade; and though talent is plentiful, genius is extremely rare.

Our letter, by post, to Mr. Murry, has been returned, as the address he gave could not find him.

We wish we could do more for our advertising friends; but do not like (though only for three or four numbers) to overstep our prescribed bounds.

Thanks to several kind correspondents for Number 816 of the Gazette.

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